

STORIES BY LEV GLEASON

CAPTAIN BATTLE JUNIOR

10¢ PDC

WINTER
ISSUE

3 CAPTAIN BATTLE JR LEAD STORIES !!!

- 1 - The Man Who Didn't Believe
In Ghosts
- 2 - Behind Enemy Lines
- 3 - Code In Blood

also

SCOOP SCUTTLE

BILL WAYNE - The Texas Terror

The Great Green CLAW

A Thrill or a Laugh
on Every Page

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RICO

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IN THIS ISSUE
LEV GLEASON
Presents

1. CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.

STARRING IN

3 THRILL PACKED STORIES

1. THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS
2. BEHIND ENEMY LINES
3. CODE IN BLOOD



2.

THE GREEN CLAW
THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN



3.

BILL WAYNE
THE "TEXAS TERROR"



4. THE "COUNTRY'S CRAZIEST CUTUP"

SLOW DRAWIN' FOOL

5.

A GRIPPING YARN OF THE BOLD AND BLOODY WEST AS IT REALLY WAS

the **COMIC** *that's* **PACKED WITH**
A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE!

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Captain

BATTLE

JR.

and

The MAN WHO DIDN'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? HMMM? IT'S SO EASY YOU KNOW... ESPECIALLY IN THESE WEIRD TIMES, EH? AFTER ALL, REMEMBER THOSE GHOSTS STORIES YOUR GRAND-FATHER USED TO TELL YOU? SPINE-CHILLING, WEREN'T THEY? WHAT? IT DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN, YOU SAY? WHO ARE YOU TO SAY? CAN YOU PROVE IT **DIDN'T** HAPPEN? TAKE THE CASE OF COLONEL RATZ... COMMANDER OF THE BRIGADE OCCUPYING THE TOWN OF KOBLEN, NORWAY... **HE** DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ... AND LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED TO **HIM**!



COLONEL RATZ



- THE MAN WHO
DIDN'T BELIEVE ...

THE OLD ONE



HE DID!

CAPT. BATTLE JR.



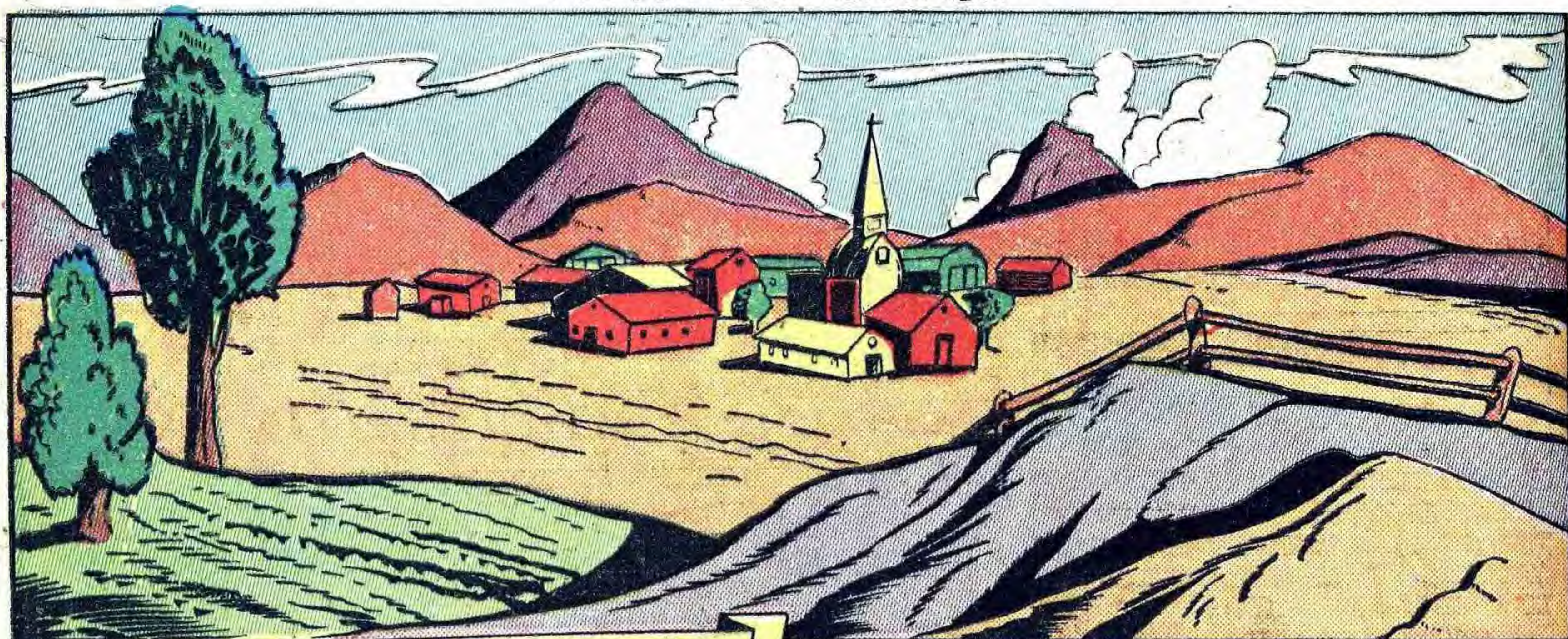
HE COULDN'T MAKE
UP HIS MIND...

A GHOST



?

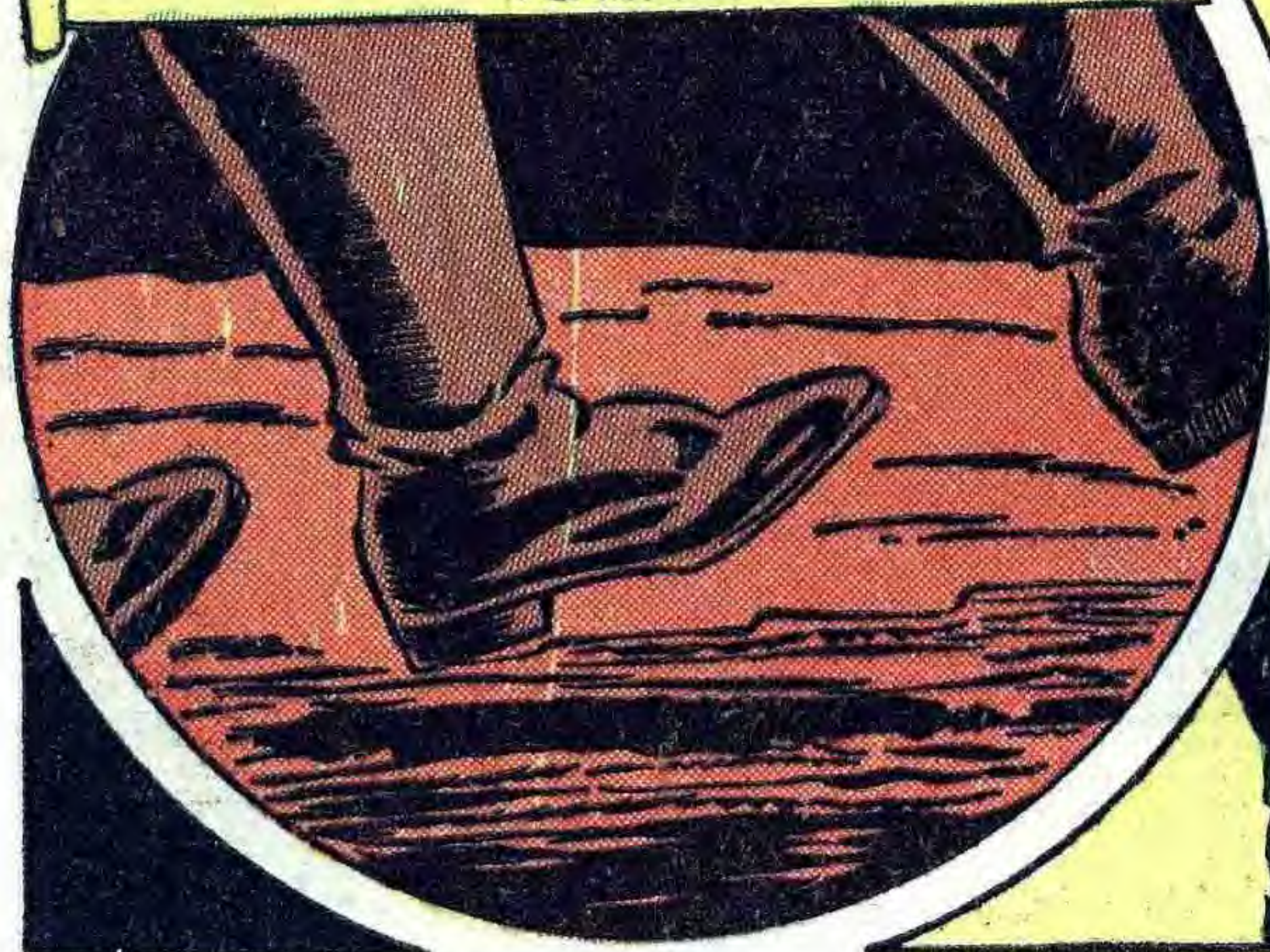
IF YOU LOOKED DOWN UPON THE VILLAGE OF KOBLEN FROM ONE OF ITS SURROUNDING HILLS...IT WOULD PRESENT A SERENE, PEACEFUL PICTURE ON THIS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER MORNING...



BUT NORWAY IS TO SUFFER ITS DAY OF DISGRACE AND HUMILITY...THE LOCAL QUISLINGS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK WELL AND THE NAZI ARMY OF OCCUPATION TAKES OVER THE TOWN...

WELCOME, COLONEL! THE PEOPLE OF KOBLEN ARE HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

I HOPE SO... FOR THEIR SAKE! THEY SHOULD WELCOME THE NEW ORDER WITH OPEN ARMS!



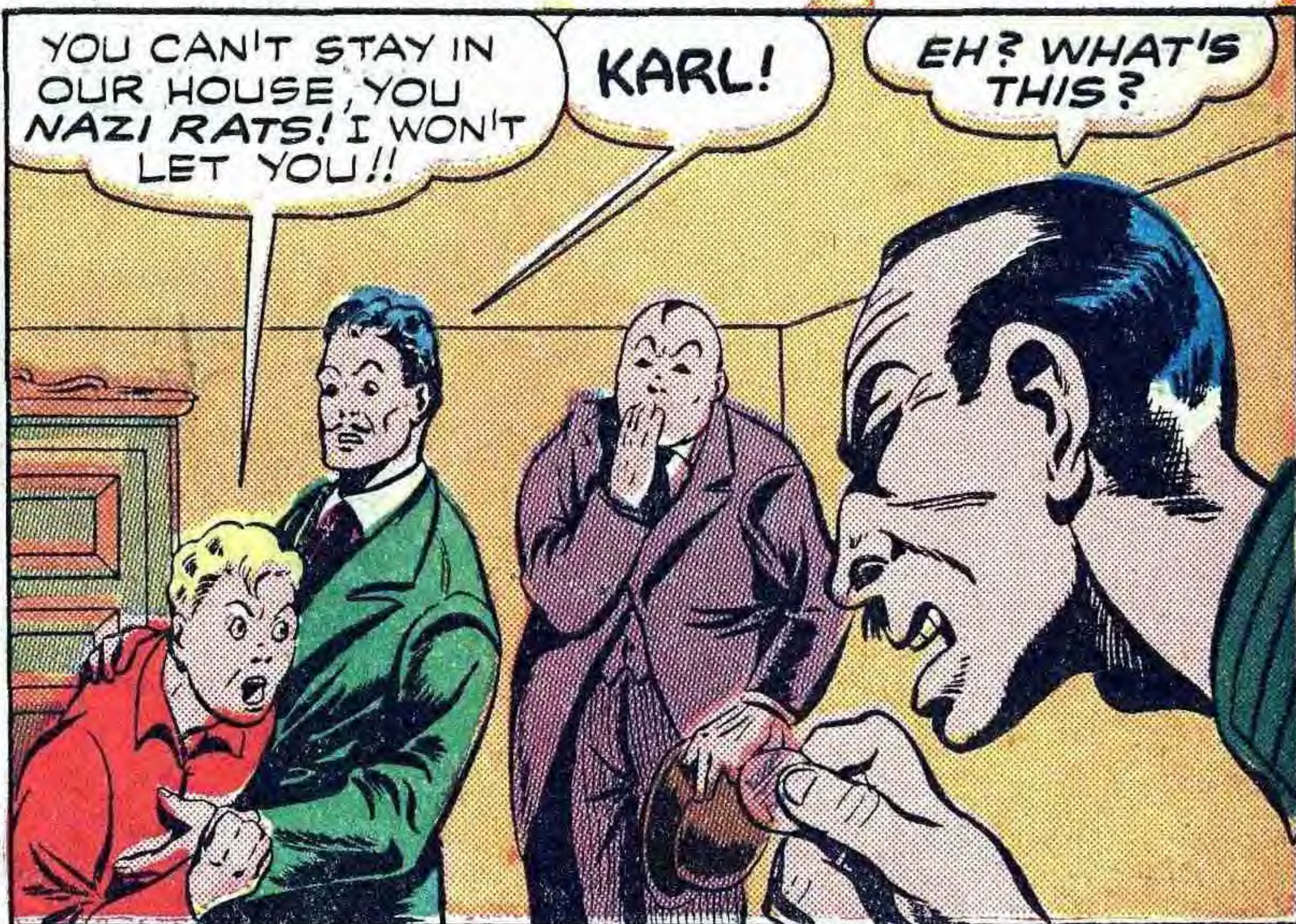
DON'T WORRY...WE ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE! BUT YOU HAVE A VERY SMALL FORCE WITH YOU!

ER...AH...THE HIGH COMMAND NEEDED TROOPS...ER... ELSEWHERE! WHERE ARE MY QUARTERS, HERR PEDER?

I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU AND YOUR STAFF TO BE QUARTERED IN THE OLDEST AND RICHEST HOUSE IN TOWN! YOU WILL FIND THE PRESENT OCCUPANTS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO ACCOMMODATE YOU!

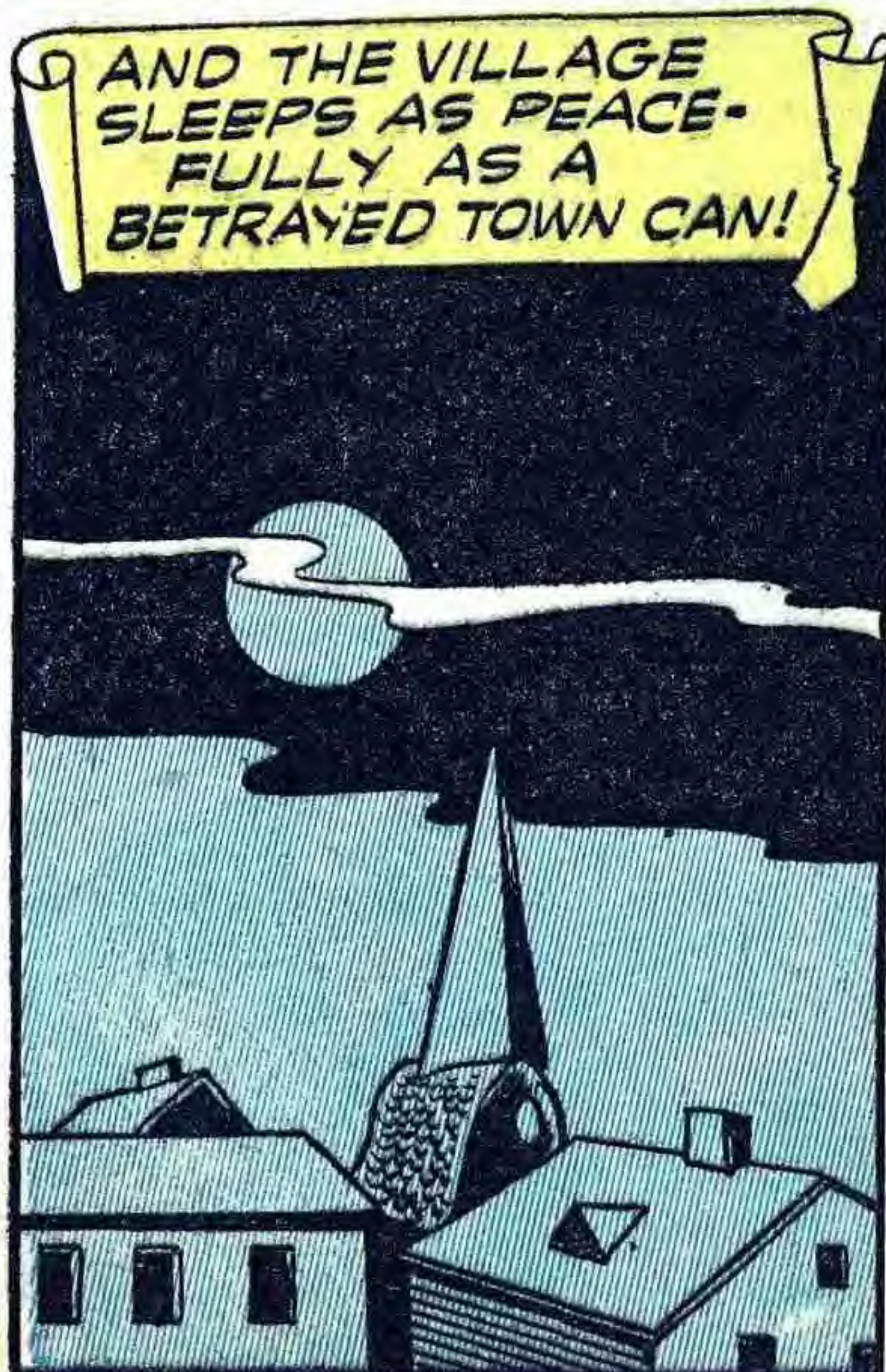
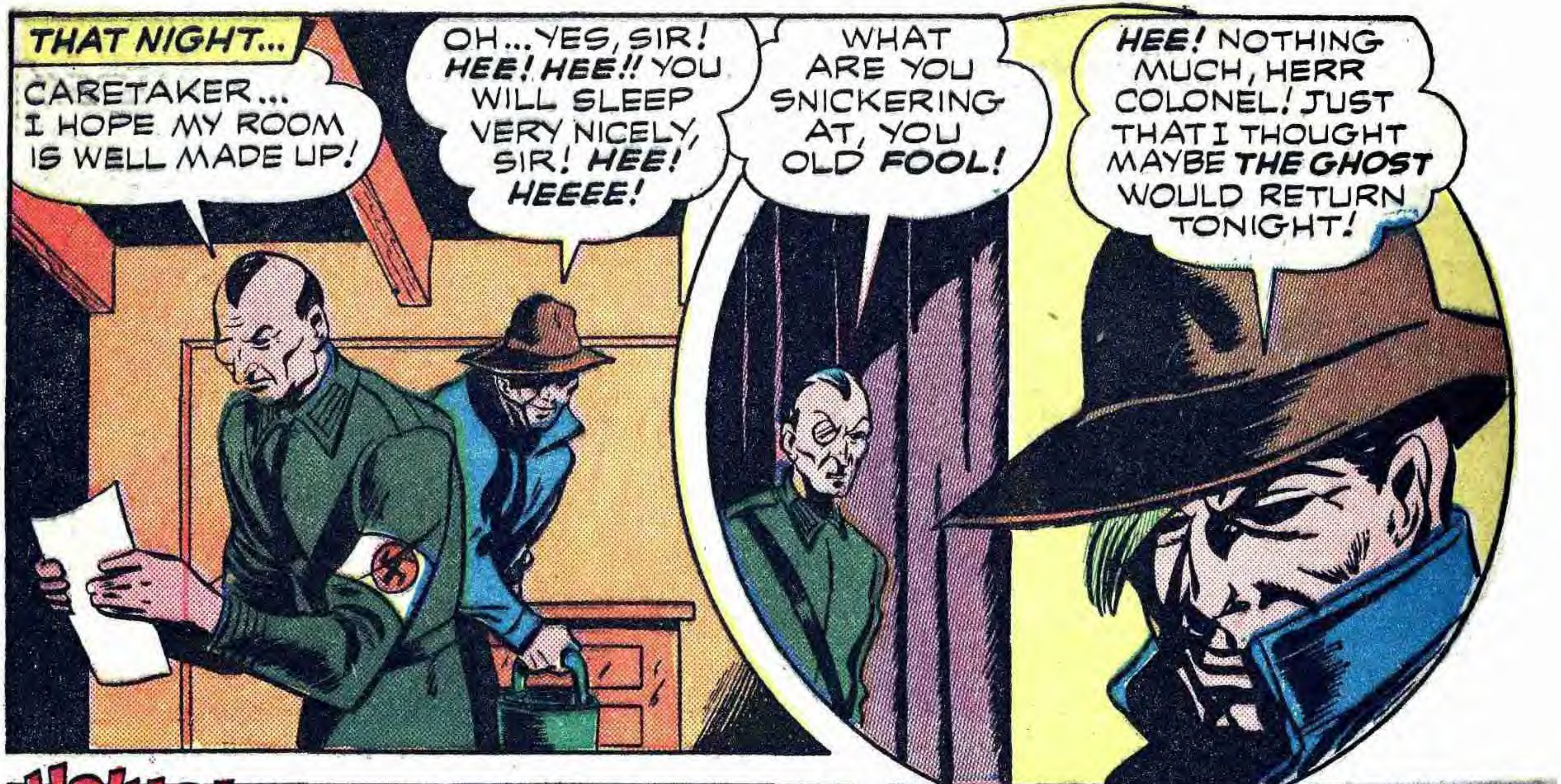
THAT IS GOOT! I DO NOT LIKE VIOLENCE...IT UPSETS ME!





AND SO, AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, THEODORE AND ROSA OLDERS DIE FOR THE CRIME OF LOVING THEIR COUNTRY MORE THAN THEY LOVE THE NEW ORDER!







HEE! HEEEEEEEEEE!!

**HELP! GUARDS!!
HELP!!**



**HERR
COLONEL...
VOT ISS?**



**SOMEONE'S IN THIS
ROOM...HE TRIED
TO STAB ME!
FIND HIM...
QUICK!!**

JA!



**BUT A SEARCH OF THE ROOM
REVEALS NOTHING... NOBODY---**

**THE WINDOWS ARE
ALL LOCKED, SIR!
IS IT POSSIBLE
YOU WERE
DREAMING?**

**JA! THAT MUST BE
IT! THAT OLD FOOL
TOLD ME STORIES...
MADE ME DREAM!
BUT POST A
GUARD IN MY
ROOM!**



**NOW
MAYBE
I CAN
SLEEP!
BUT
DON'T
YOU
SLEEP!!**

**NO,
SIR!**



**HEEE!!
HEEE!!
HEEE!!
HEE! HEE!**

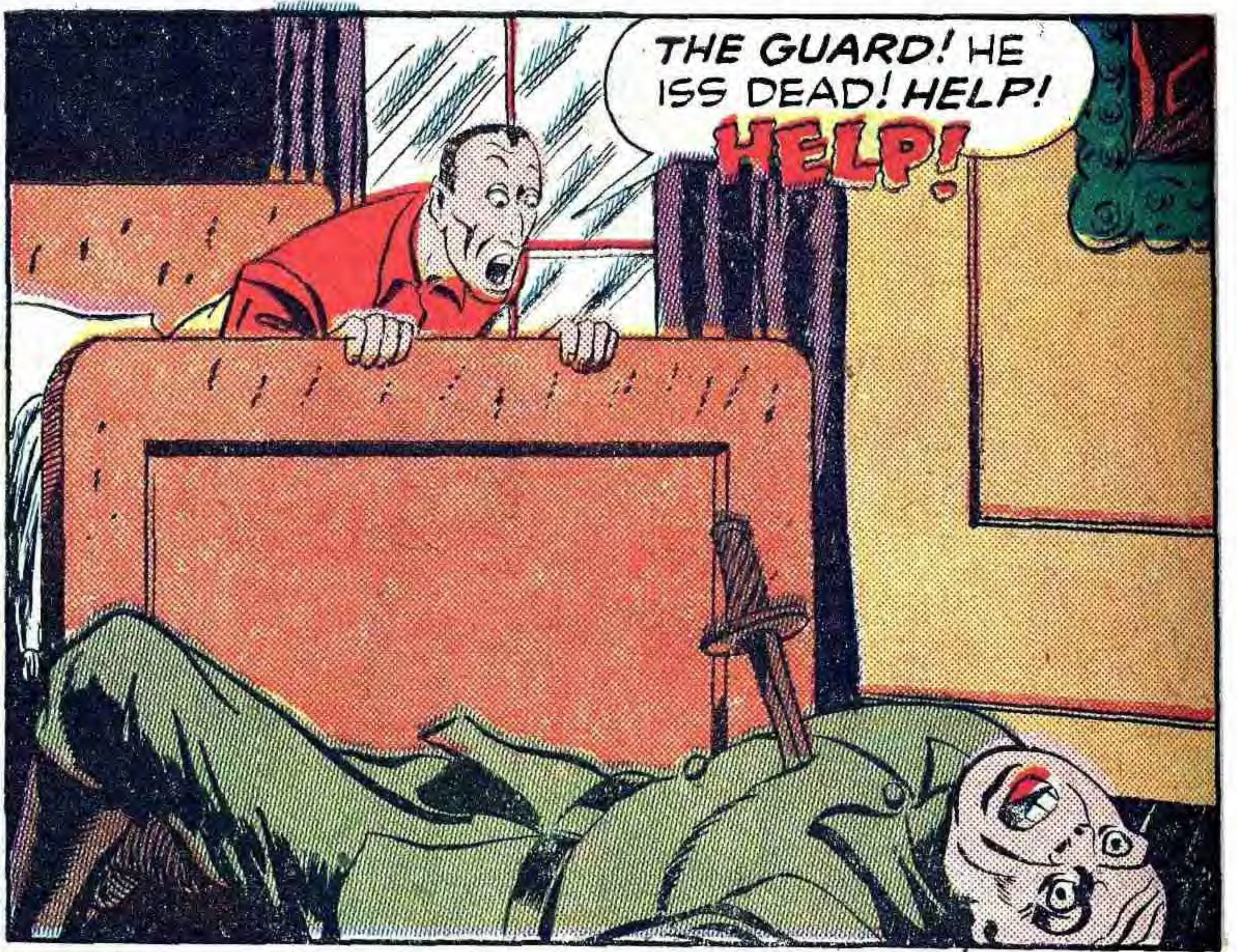
LATER...

VERDAMT!
WHAT NOW?



THE GUARD! HE
ISS DEAD! HELP!

HELP!



THE OLD ONE! BRING
HIM TO ME! HE KNOWS
TOO MUCH ABOUT GHOSTS!
I SHALL FIND WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!



TALK, YOU FOOL!
TELL ME ABOUT THE
GHOST IN THIS
PLACE!

BUT, SIR---I-I
THOUGHT YOU
DIDN'T BELIEVE
IN THEM!
HOWEVER...



LONG AGO...MANY YEARS AGO...THIS TOWN
WAS CONQUERED BY AN INVADER! ALL
THE INHABITANTS WERE KILLED...ALL
SAVE ONE! THIS ONE RETURNED WITH AN
ARMY...CRUSHED THE INVADER---AND
DROVE HIM FROM OUR LAND!



THEY SAY HIS GHOST STILL
HAUNTS THE TOWN TO PRO-
TECT IT FROM WOULD-BE
CONQUERORS! OF COURSE,
SIR, YOU REMEMBER---
YOU KILLED SOME
PEOPLE, BUT ONE
BOY GOT AWAY!





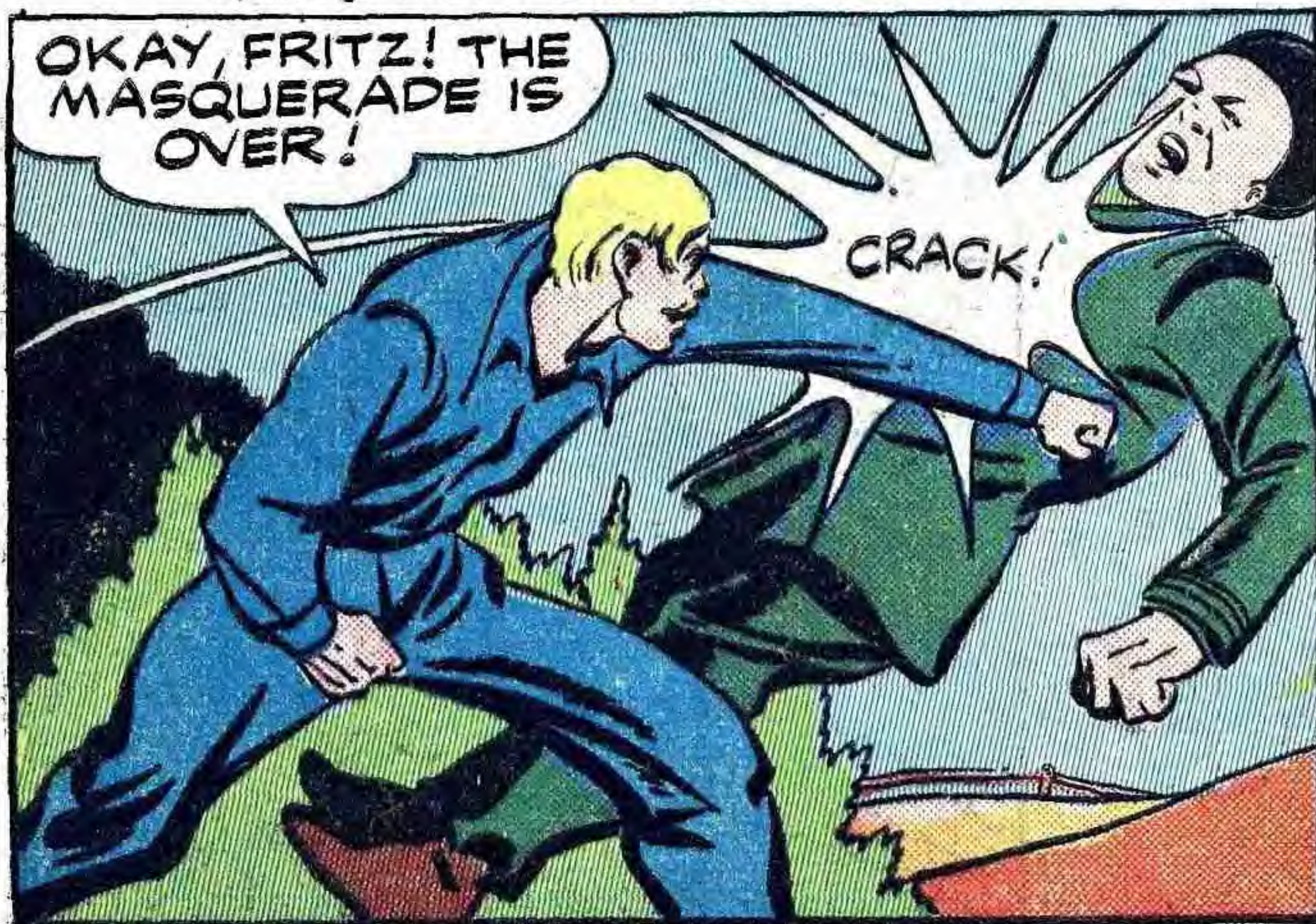
LOCK UP THE PRATTLING OLD FOOL... HE CAN'T SCARE ME WITH HIS CRAZY STORIES!

BUT, SIR--YOU ASKED ME TO TELL YOU!



I'M GOING TO STAY UP THE REST OF THE NIGHT! ANY GHOSTS THAT COME IN HERE WILL REGRET IT... GHOSTS! BAH!!

BUT AS THE OLD MAN IS LED ACROSS THE DARKENED COURTYARD, HE DOES AN AMAZING THING FOR ONE SO OLD!



OKAY, FRITZ! THE MASQUERADE IS OVER!

CRACK!



AND TEARS OFF HIS DISGUISE TO REVEAL...

THIS OUTFIT WAS BEGINNING TO CRAMP MY STYLE!

CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.!



WOOOOO!

THE BUSHES PART, AND THERE IS KARL OLDER!

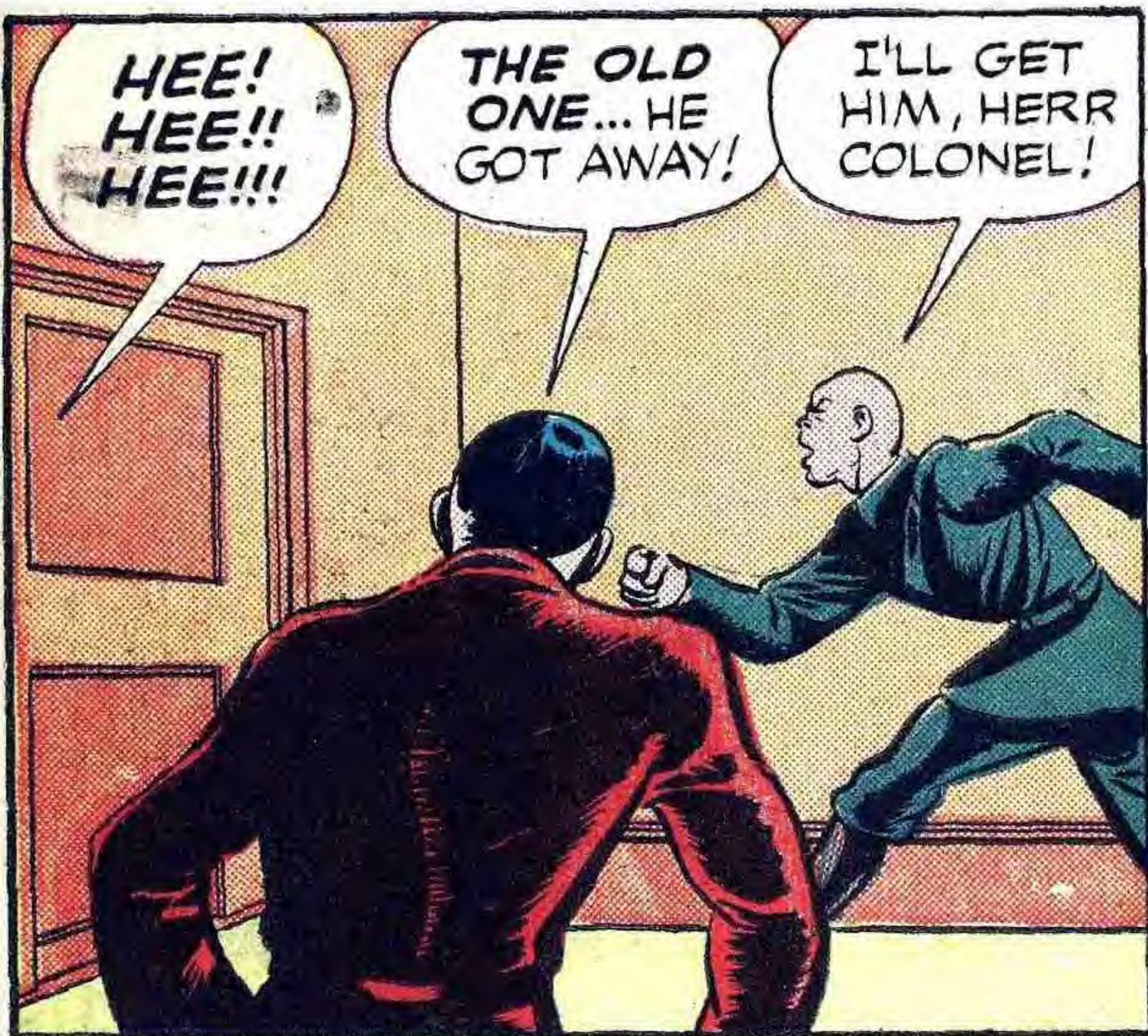
DID EVERYTHING GO WELL, CAPTAIN!

PERFECTLY! TELL THE BOYS TO DYNAMITE THE BRIDGE LEADING FROM THE TOWN! WE ARE READY FOR THE FINAL ACT!



WITH THE SOFT TREAD OF A CAT, CAP STEALS BACK TO THE HOUSE!







IN THE MEANTIME, CAP TOSSES A LASSO AT A TREE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...



HORROR-STRICKEN, THE NAZIS RUSH IN A BODY TO THE BRIDGE LEADING OUT OF THE VILLAGE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

EVEN THE RUSSIAN FRONT IS BETTER THAN THIS!

HANS! THAT'S GOING TOO FAR!



BUT CAP'S FRIENDS ARE BUSY, TOO!

HERE THEY COME!

AND THERE THEY GO!



LATER...

WE'VE DONE IT, CAPTAIN BATTLE! WE'VE AVENGED MY PARENTS!

YES, KARL... IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WERE ABLE TO FIND US SO WE COULD HELP YOU!



THINGS ARE GOING TO BE A LOT DIFFERENT AROUND HERE NOW! OF COURSE, THERE'LL BE MORE GHOSTS TO CONTEND WITH-- THE GHOSTS OF DEAD NAZIS, THIS TIME!

WELL?

DO YOU STILL DOUBT THE FACT THERE ARE GHOSTS... HMMM? GOSH... YOU'RE AWFULLY HARD TO CONVINCE!



The END.

CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.

IN

BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!

FOLLOW AMERICA'S INVASION ACE AS HE TOSSES FISTS AND SKILL AT THE JAP INVADERS OF THE PHILLIPINES... AND MEET HIS TWO NEW PALS... MINDO AND OLA... AS THEY HELP CAP IN HIS STRUGGLE TO FIND A MISSING GENERAL!



A LONE AMERICAN PLANE VENTURES DEEP INTO JAP-HELD TERRITORY...

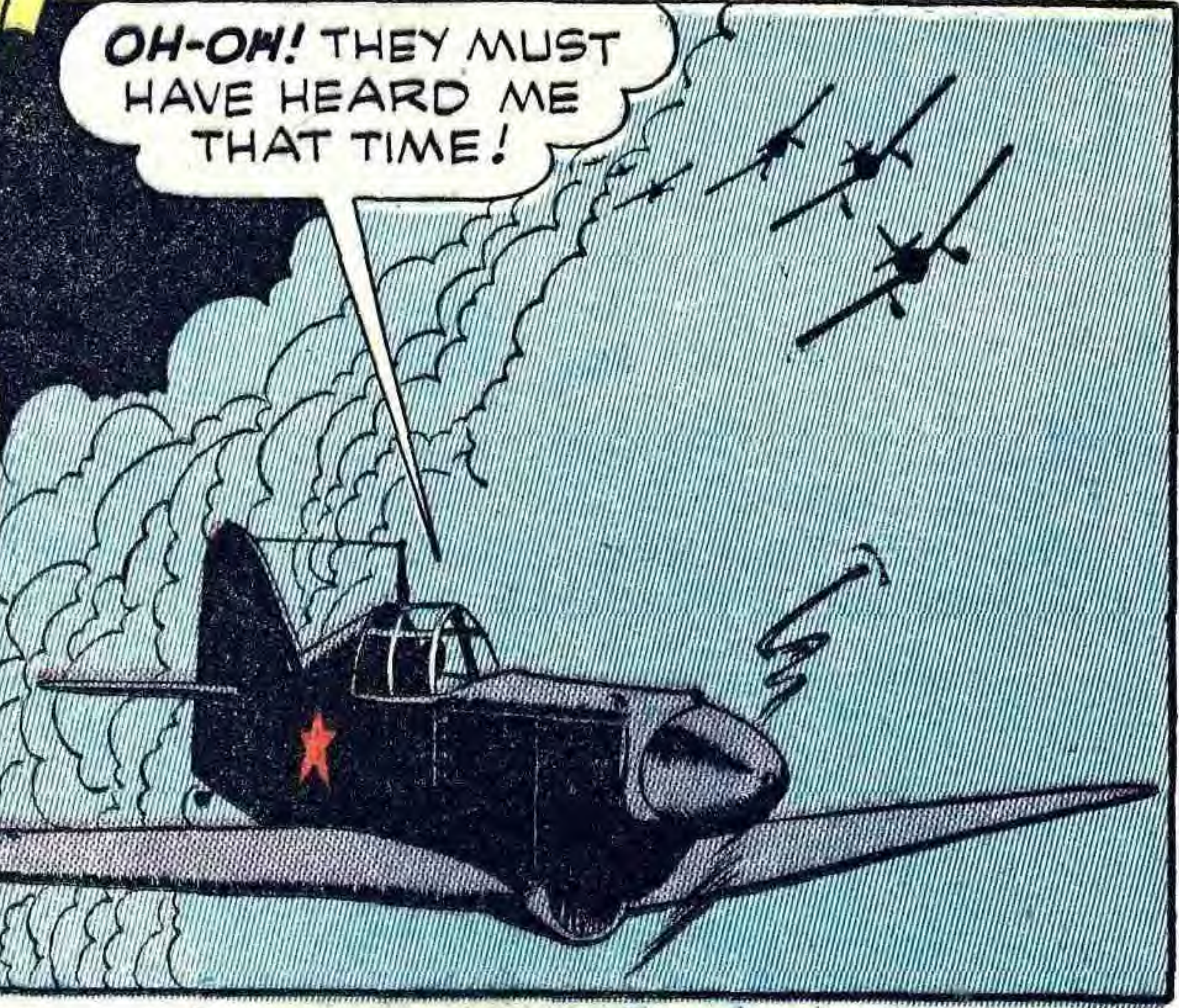
WOW! TRYING TO FIND A GENERAL IS TOUGHER THAN LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

SEATED IN THE COCKPIT IS THAT FAMOUS AIRMAN, CAPT. BATTLE, JR.!



SUDDENLY...FROM ABOVE!!

OH-OH! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD ME THAT TIME!



OKAY, SLANT-EYES...I'LL FRY YOUR HASH!

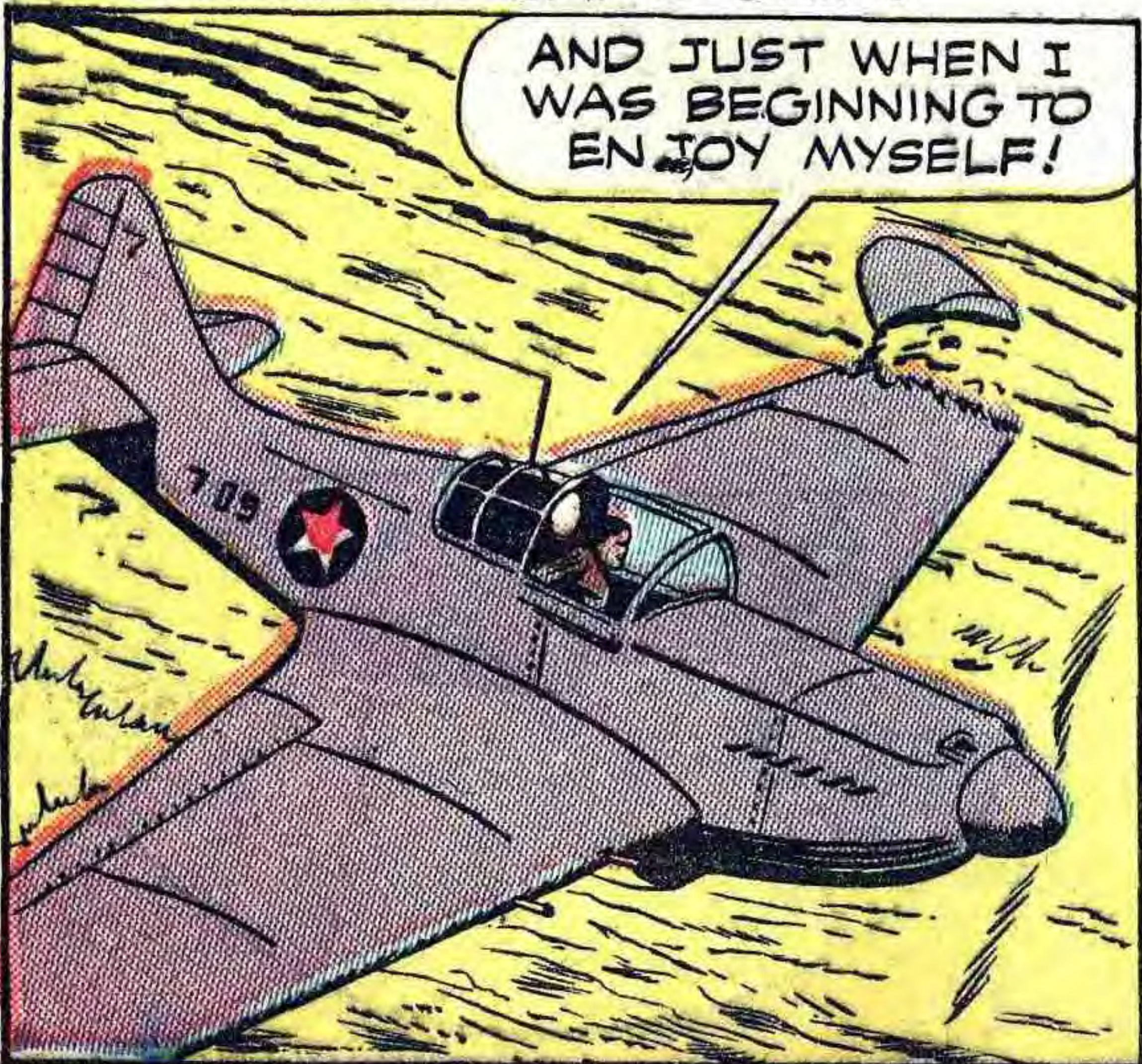
A JAP PLANE DIVES HEAD ON IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRASH CAP'S PLANE...



CAP SWERVES TO ONE SIDE, AND...



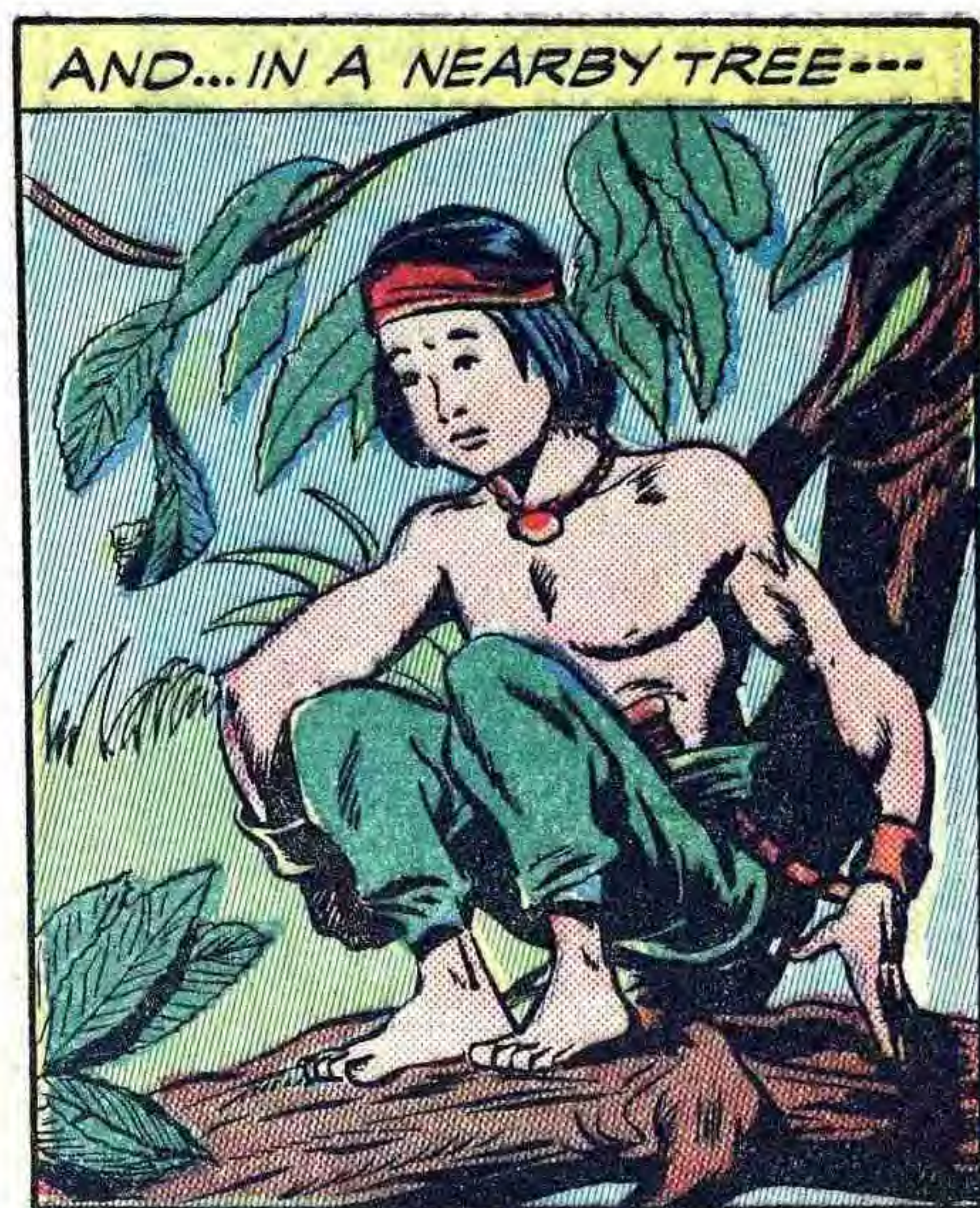
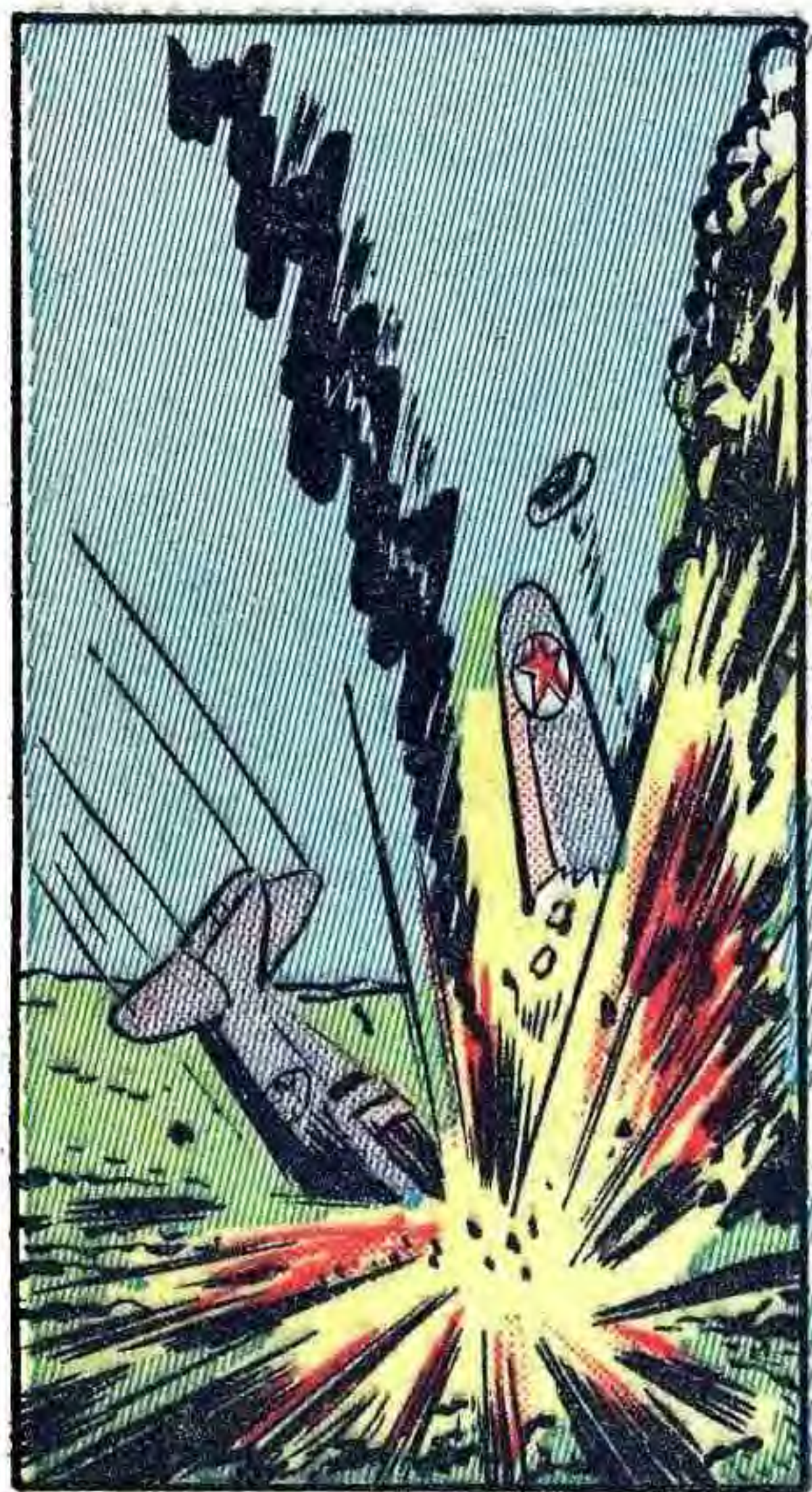
THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION DISABLES CAP'S SHIP!



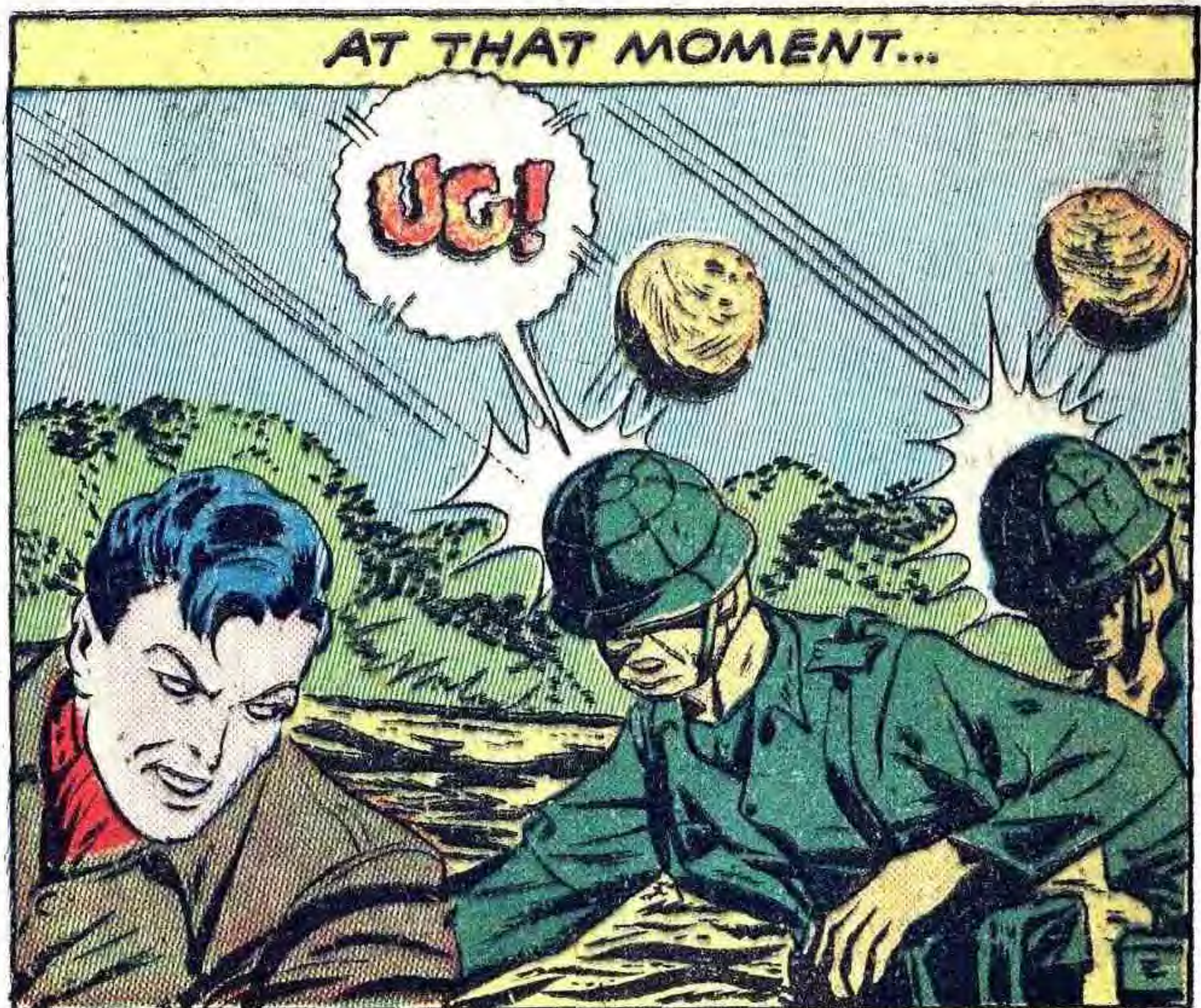
AND JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!

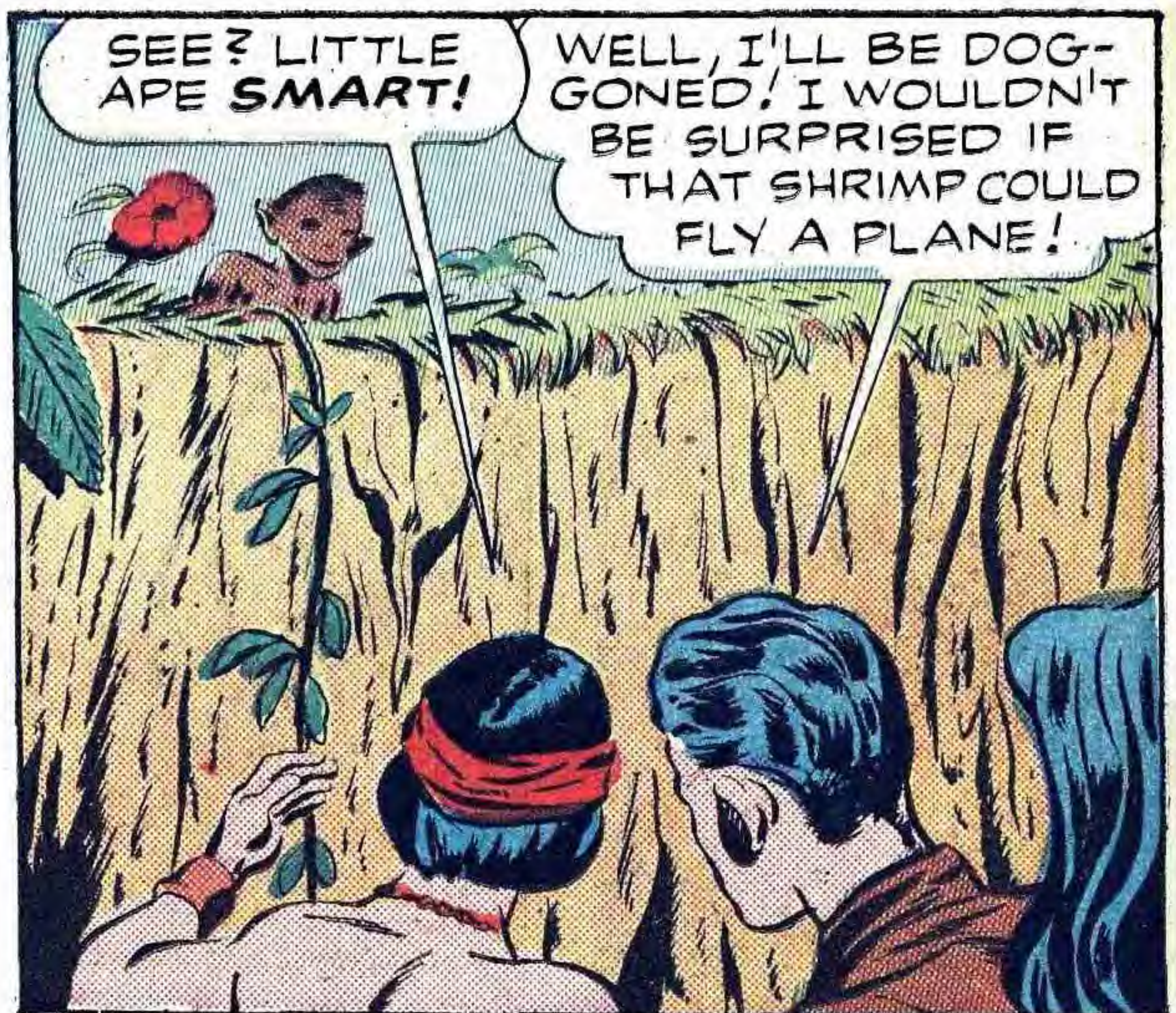
NO SPOT TO LAND IN, EH? GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN!











CAP GRABS THE VINE AND CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE PIT--- JAPS!



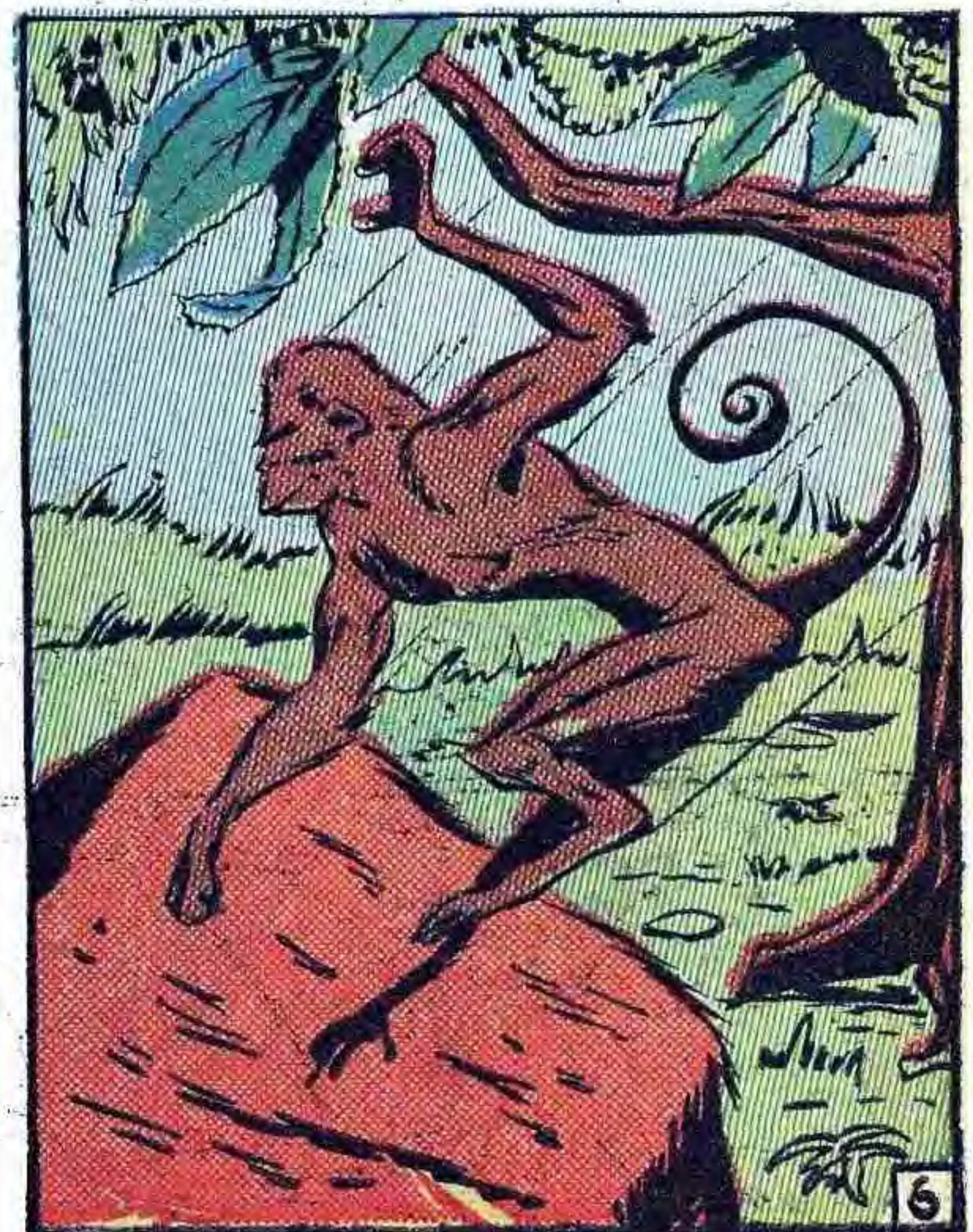
THAT NIGHT...

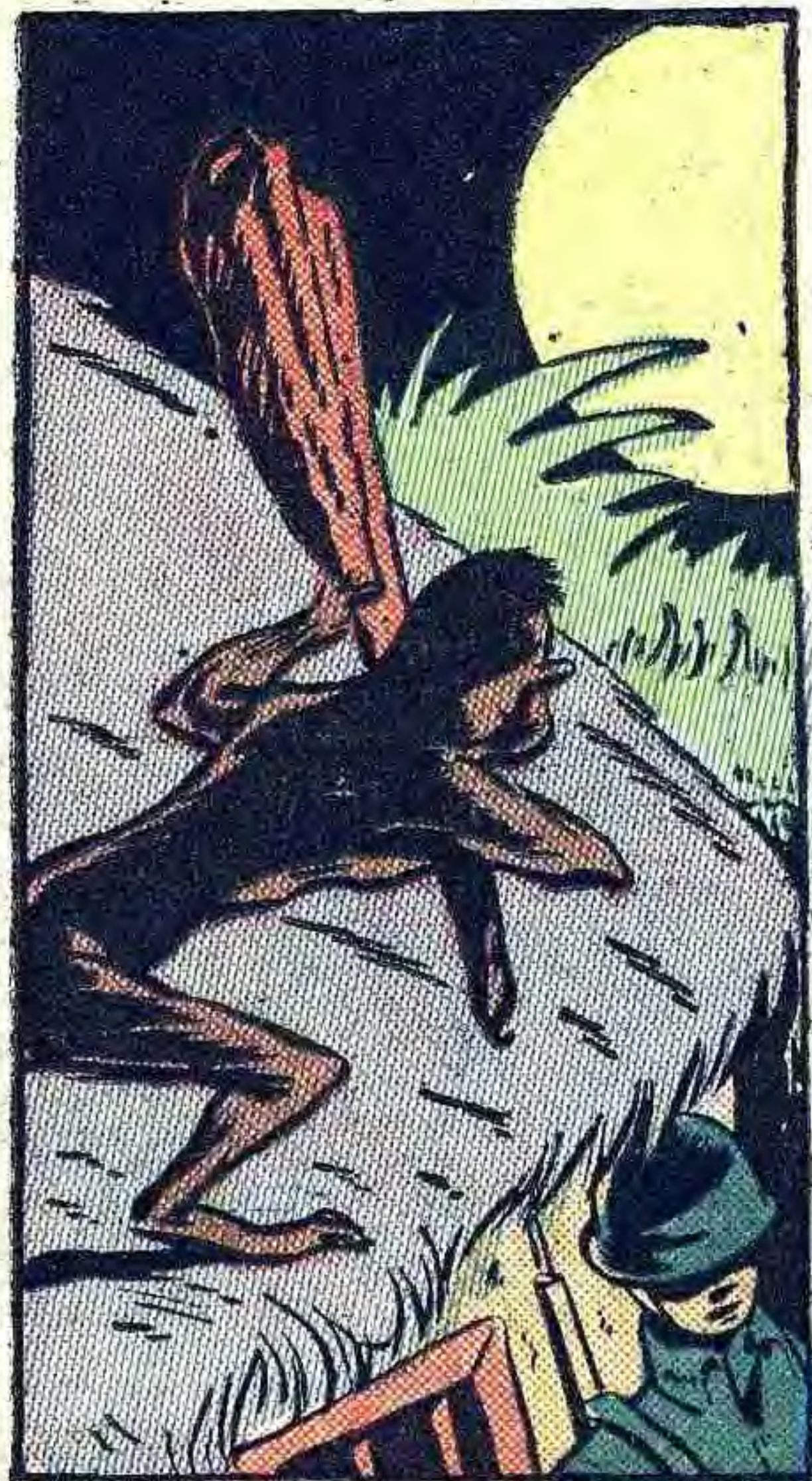


LITTLE APE WRIGGLES INTO THE HOLE DUG UNDER THE WALL AND EMERGES OUTSIDE!



QUIETLY HE CLIMBS A TREE AND THEN DROPS SILENTLY TO THE ROOF...





AFTER REMOVING THE KEYS FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS JAP...
LITTLE APE OPENS THE DOOR!



ARMING THEMSELVES WITH THE
SENTRY'S GUNS... CAP AND HIS
FRIENDS PROCEED...

I GUESS THAT'S WHERE
THE JAP MAJOR BUNKS!
LET'S GO!!



WAIT FOR ME HERE...
I'M GONNA GIVE THOSE
BOYS A LITTLE
SURPRISE!

BE
CAREFUL!



ENTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW,
CAP SURPRISES THE JAPS!

OKAY, MUGS...LINE
UP AGAINST
THE WALL!

YES...YES!
DON'T
SHOOT!



START TALKING, FROG-
FACE!--WHERE'S THE
GENERAL?--OR WOULD
YOU RATHER JOIN
YOUR ANCESTORS?

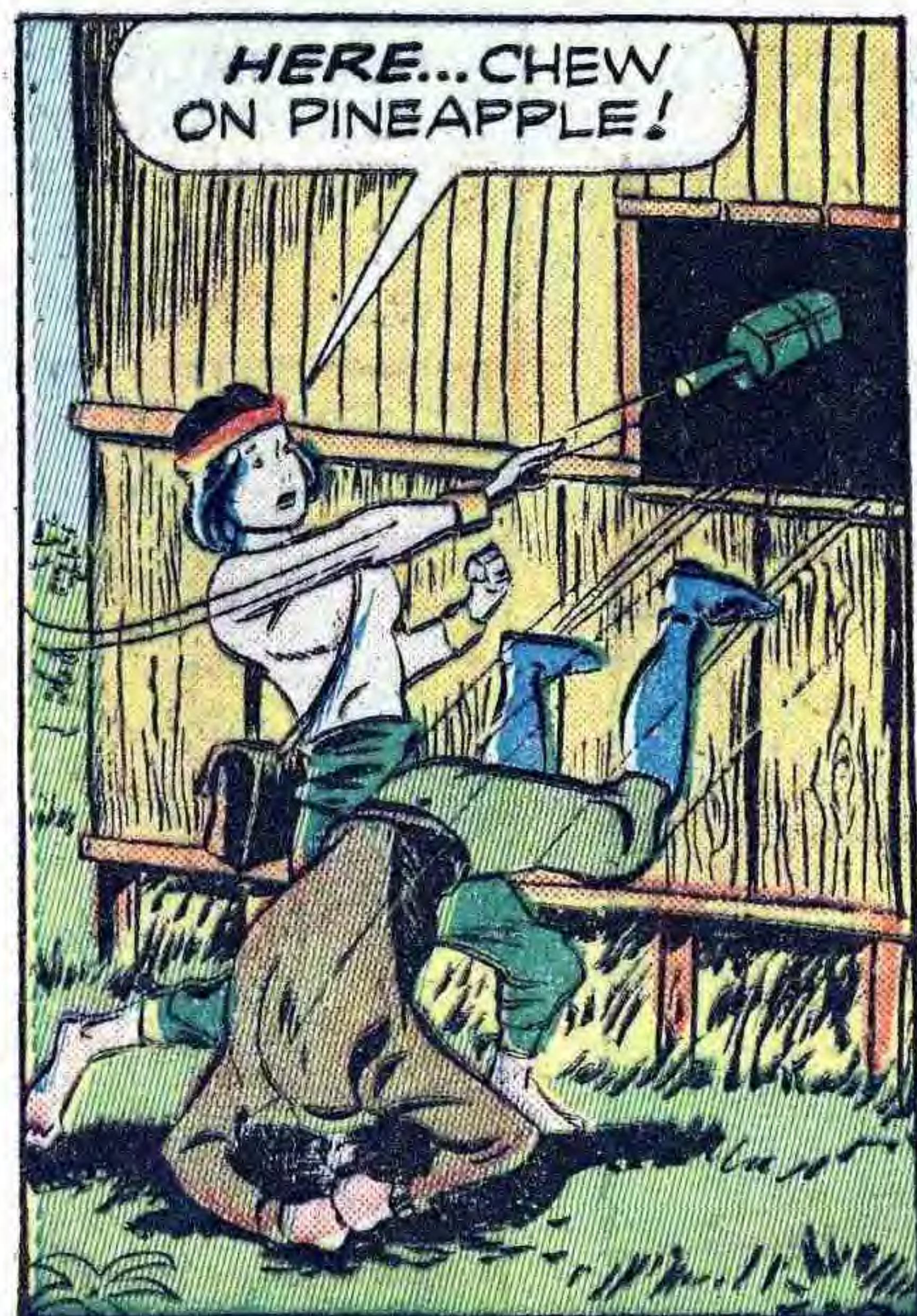
NO SHOOT! I
TALK! THE
GENERAL
IS IN JAIL
NEXT TO
BARRACKS!



AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER JAP
ENTERS THE ROOM...



SUDDENLY CAP MAKES
A DASH FOR A WINDOW!



QUICKLY THEY HIDE IN SOME BUSHES...

AFTER THESE BOYS
QUIET DOWN, I'LL GO
FOR THE GENERAL!

WE
HELP
YOU!



WITHOUT WARNING...

ADVISE YOU NOT
TO MOVE, OR I
SHOOT GIRL!

WHY, YOU
SNEAKING...

OH!!



SO YOU
HAVE
CAUGHT
THE
PIGS!

YES! ALL
BUT THE
LITTLE
BEAST!



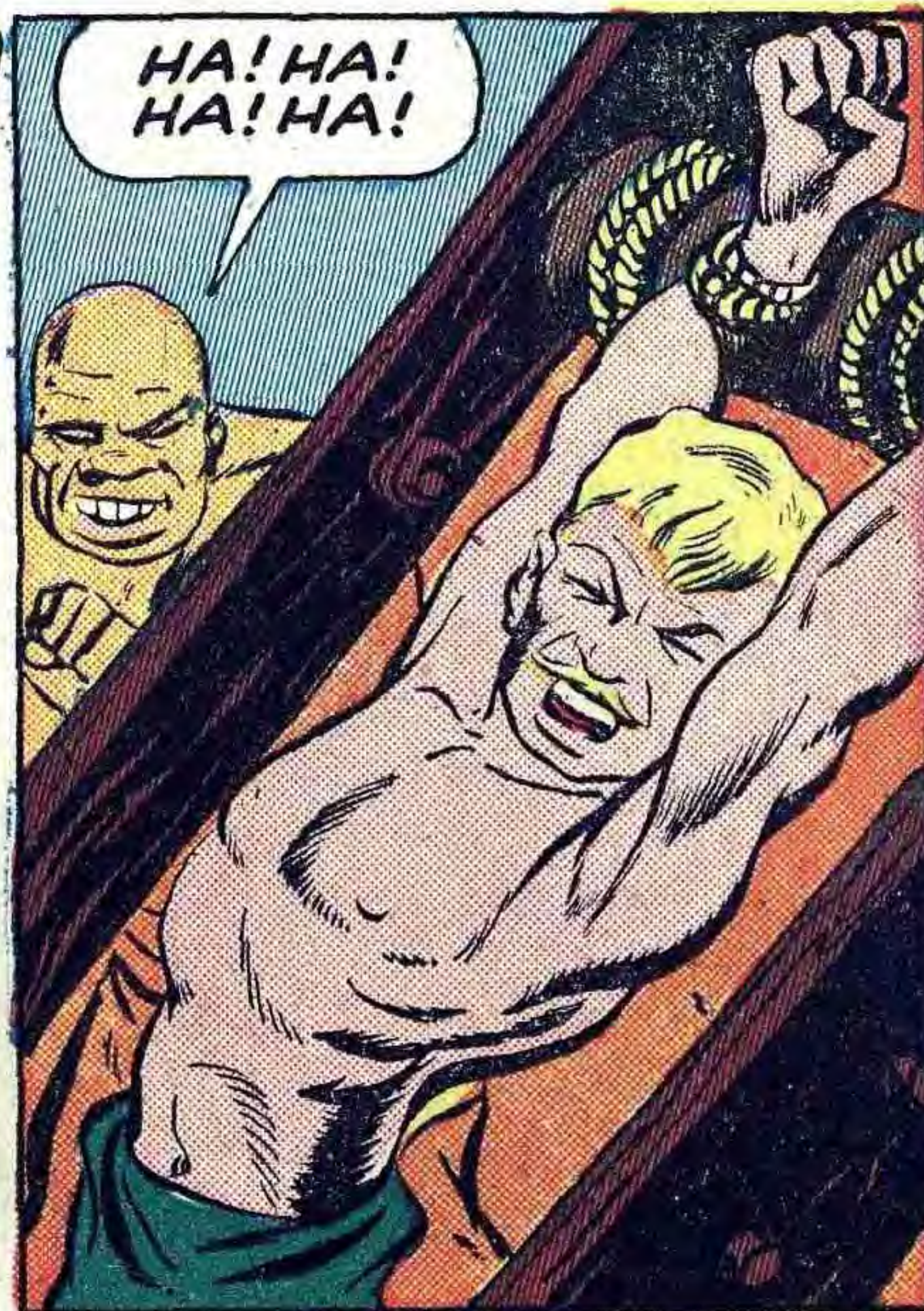
THE PRISONERS ARE LED
TO A DUNGEON AND CHAIN-
ED TO A WALL!

IT'S THE
GENERAL!

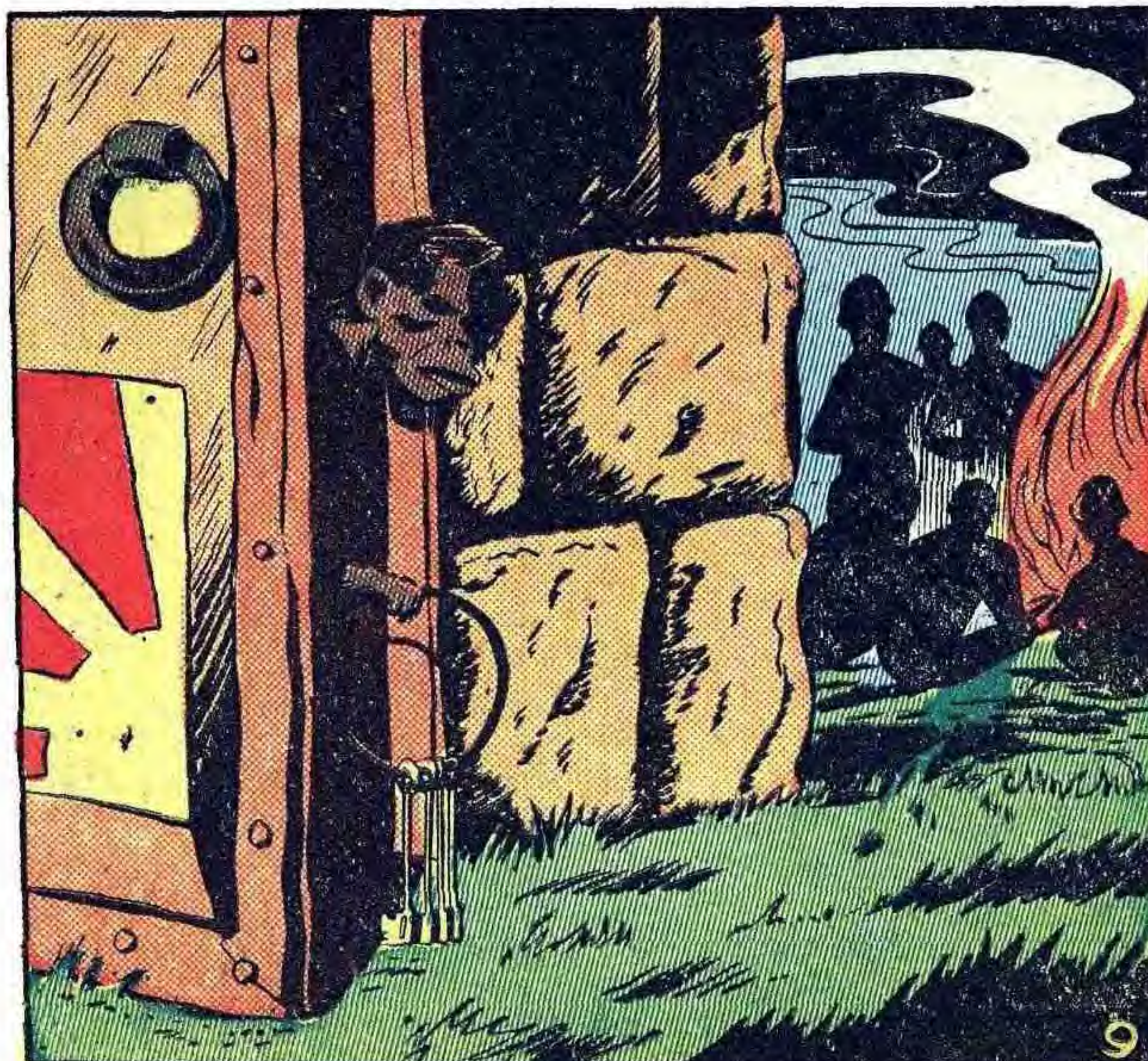
YES... QUITE
SO! HE IS VERY
STUBBORN!!
GUARD, TURN
RACK TWO MORE
FULL TURNS!

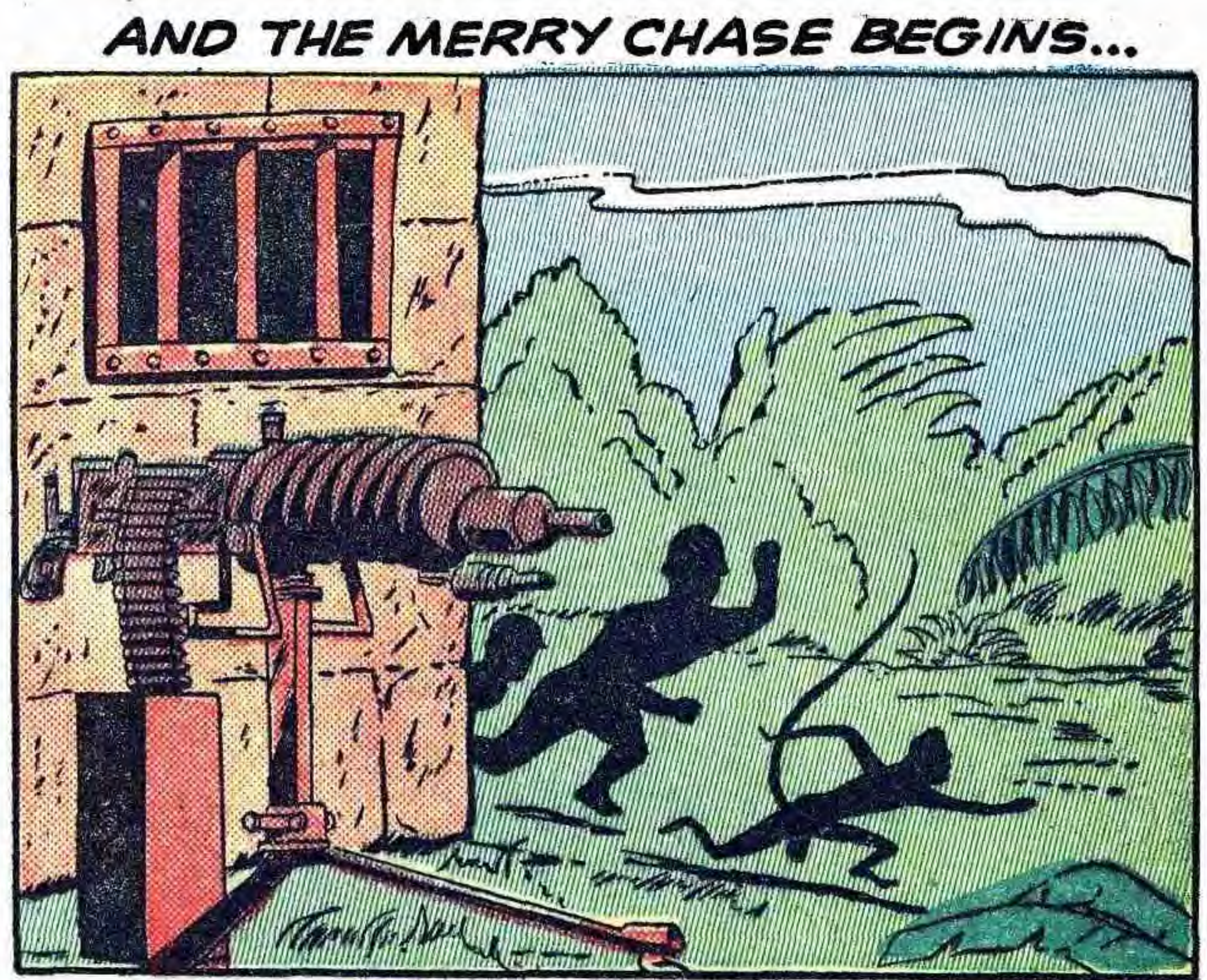


HA! HA!
HA! HA!

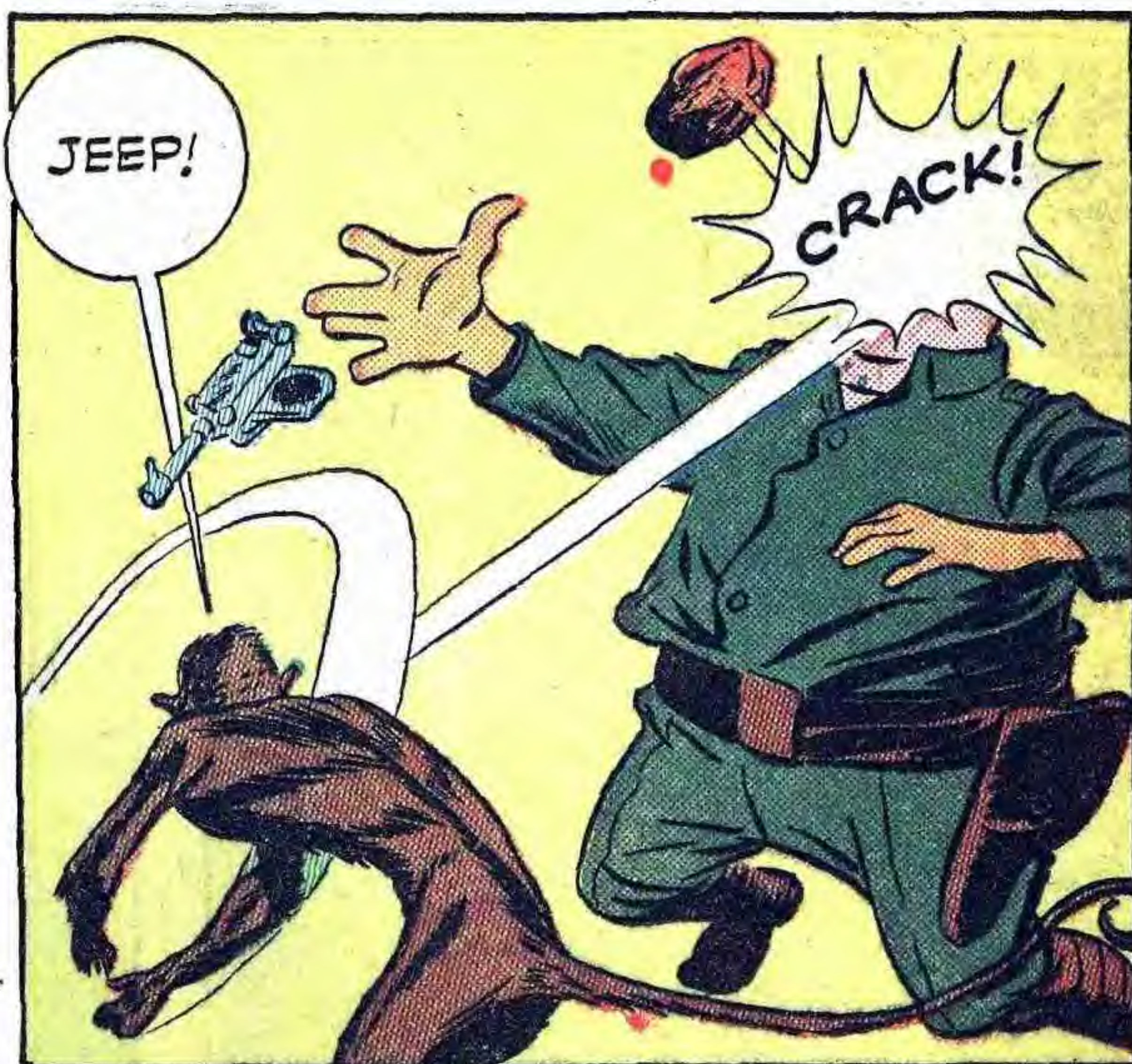


MEANWHILE... OUT IN THE CORRIDOR..





A LITTLE APE ENTERS THE DUNGEON AND THE JAP WHIRLS AND DRAWS HIS GUN!



CAP AND HIS LITTLE ARMY MANAGE TO STEAL SOME WEAPONS FROM THE JAPS...CROUCHING BEFORE THE BARRACKS, THEY PLAN AN ATTACK!

FIRST WE KNOCK OFF THE BARRACKS...FROM THERE, WE WORK OUR WAY DOWN THE OTHER END NEAR THE OIL TANKS... AND LAST...THE LANDING FIELD! GIVE 'EM ALL WE GOT!

OH, BOY!
ME TOSS FIRST PINE-APPLE... YES?

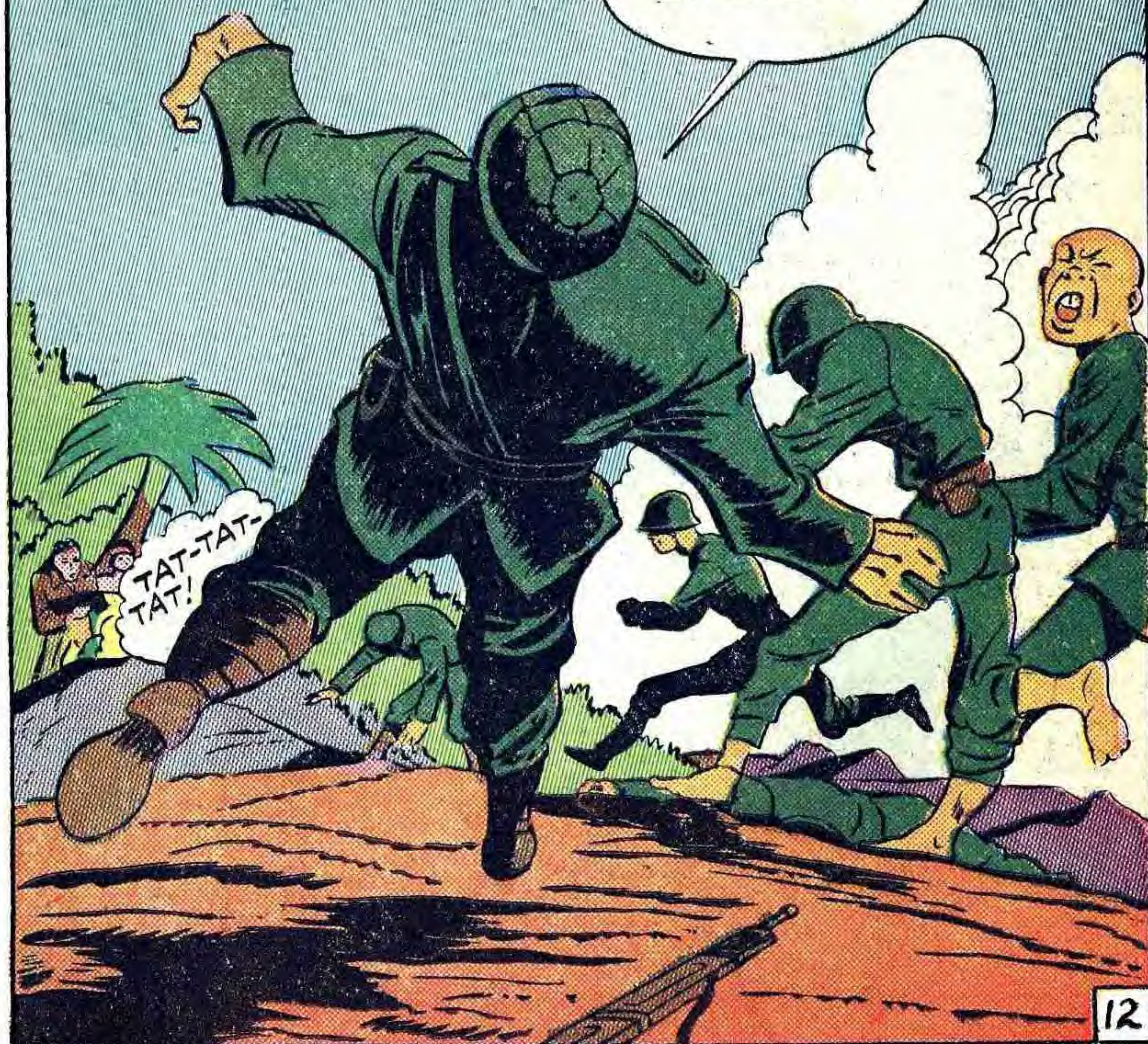


THAT WOKE 'EM UP, FELLAS! GET READY...HERE THEY COME! LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

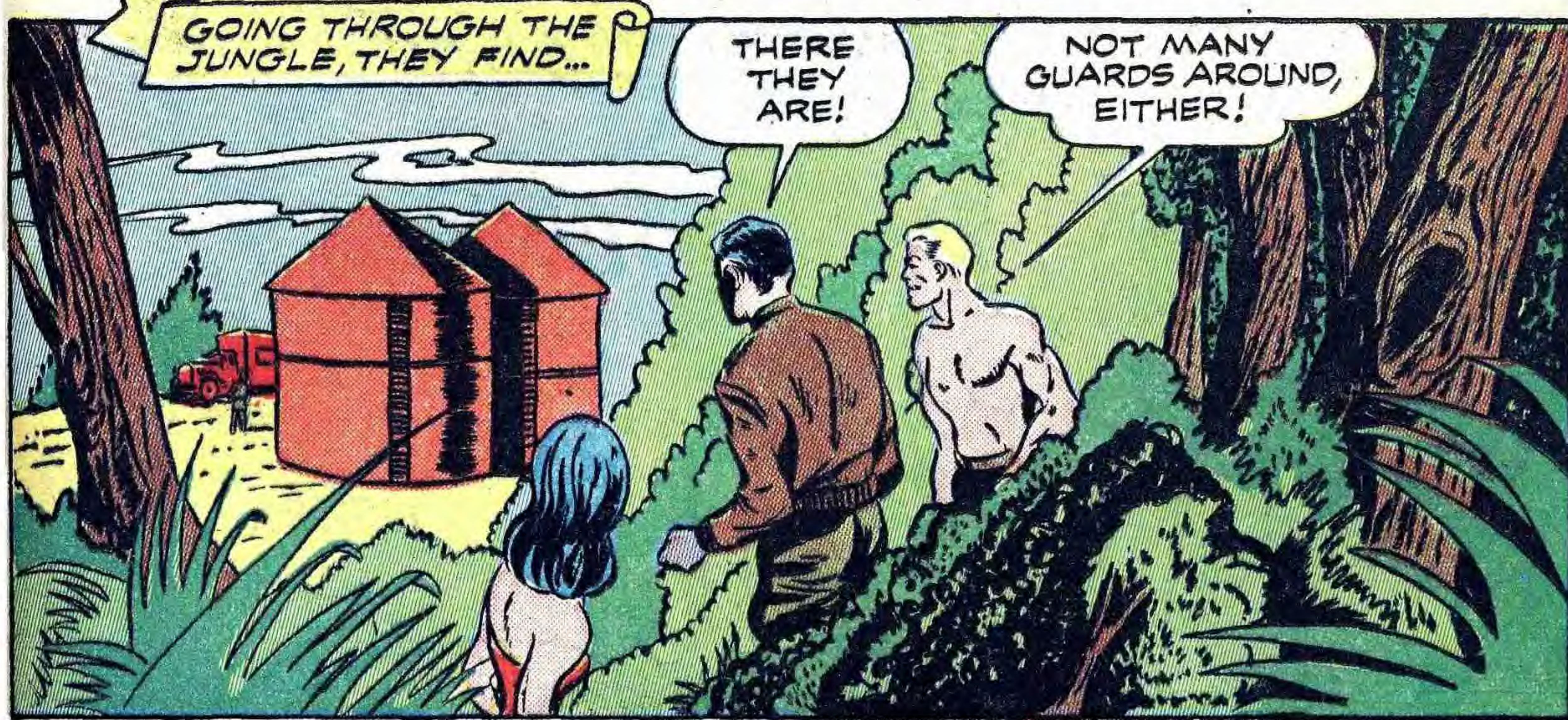
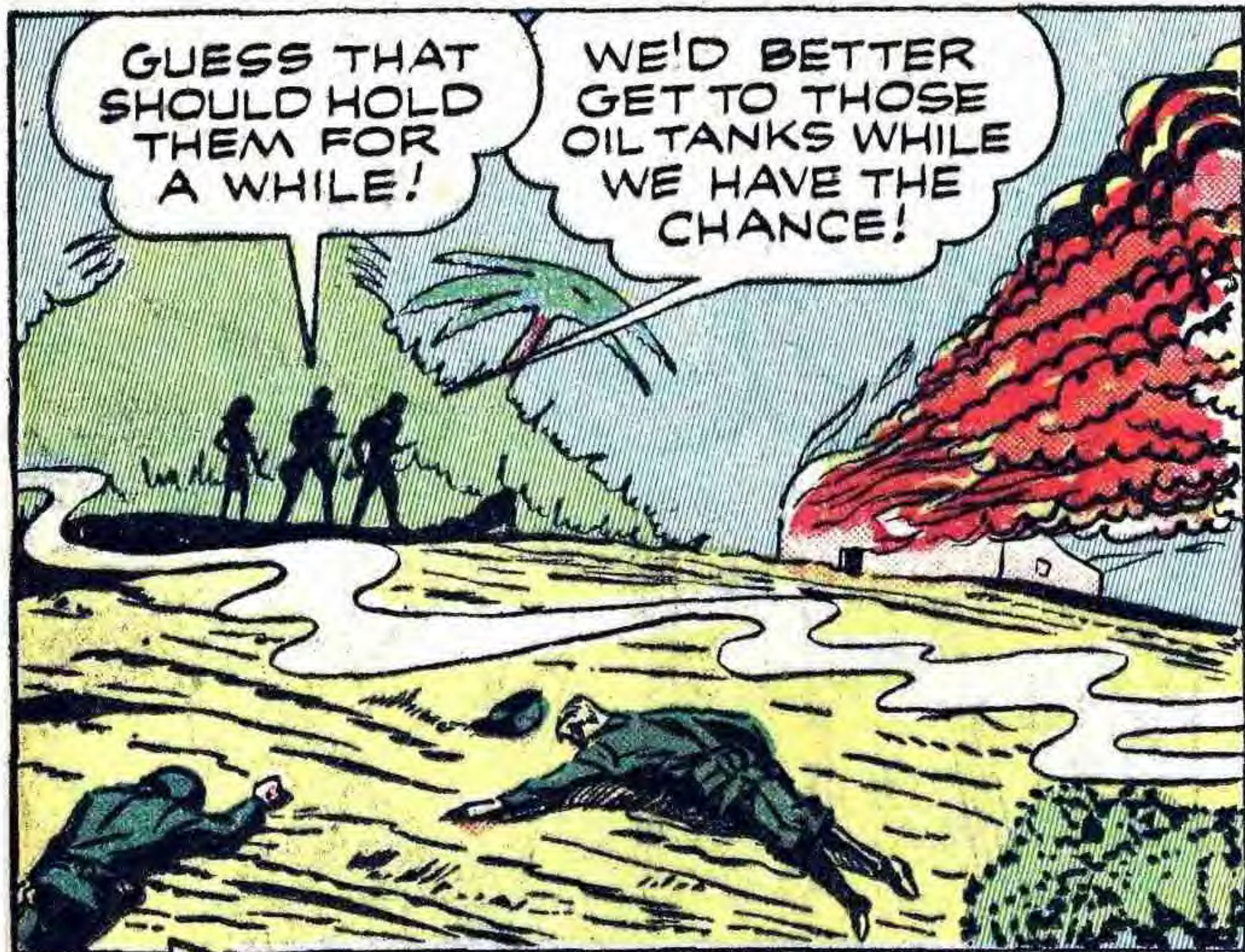


THE VALIANT LITTLE BAND FIGHTS FURIOUSLY... TAKING HEAVY TOLL OF THE NIPPONESE!

EEEEEE!



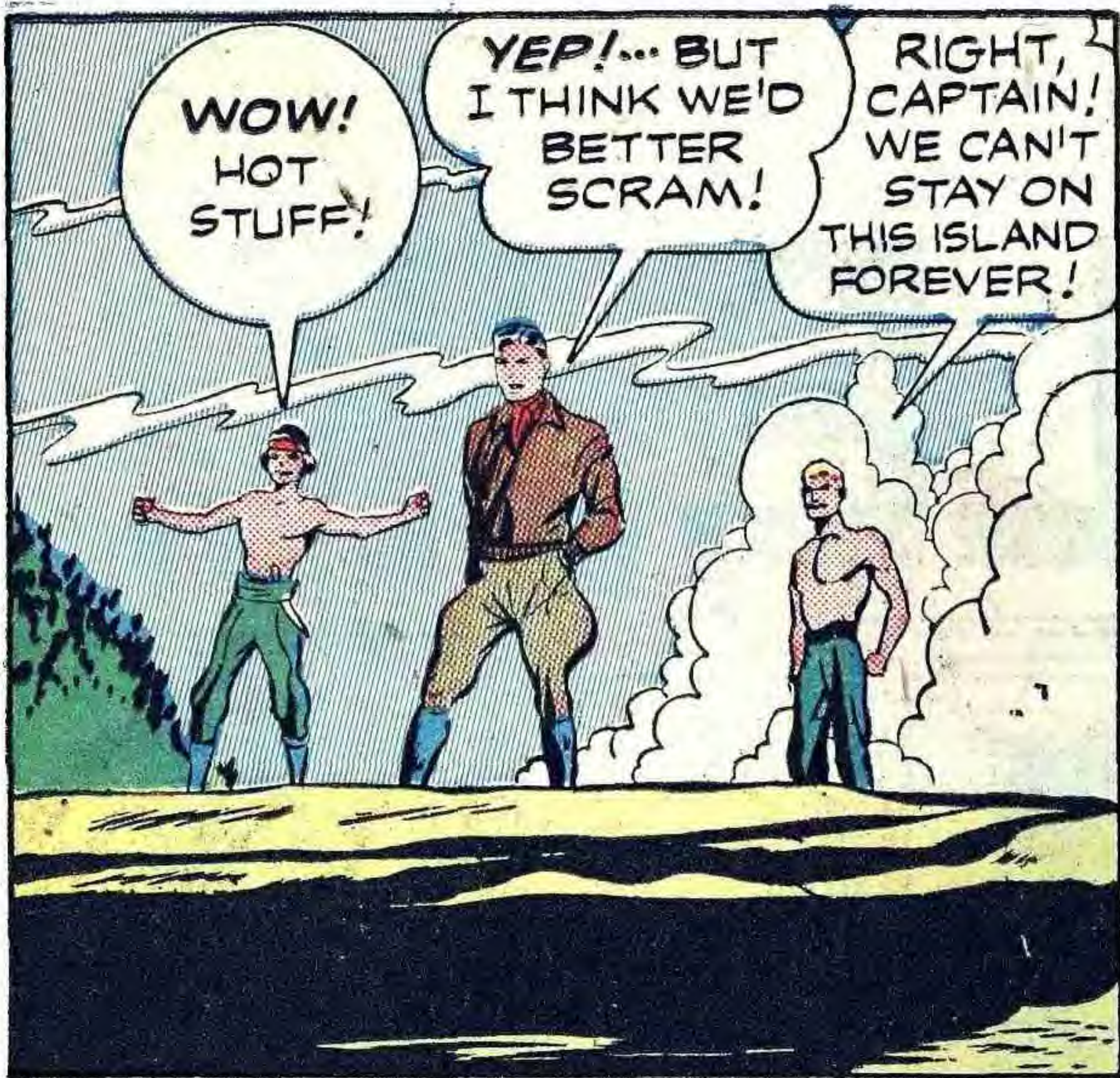
MANY MINUTES LATER...THE JAPS
HAVE CEASED FIRING!



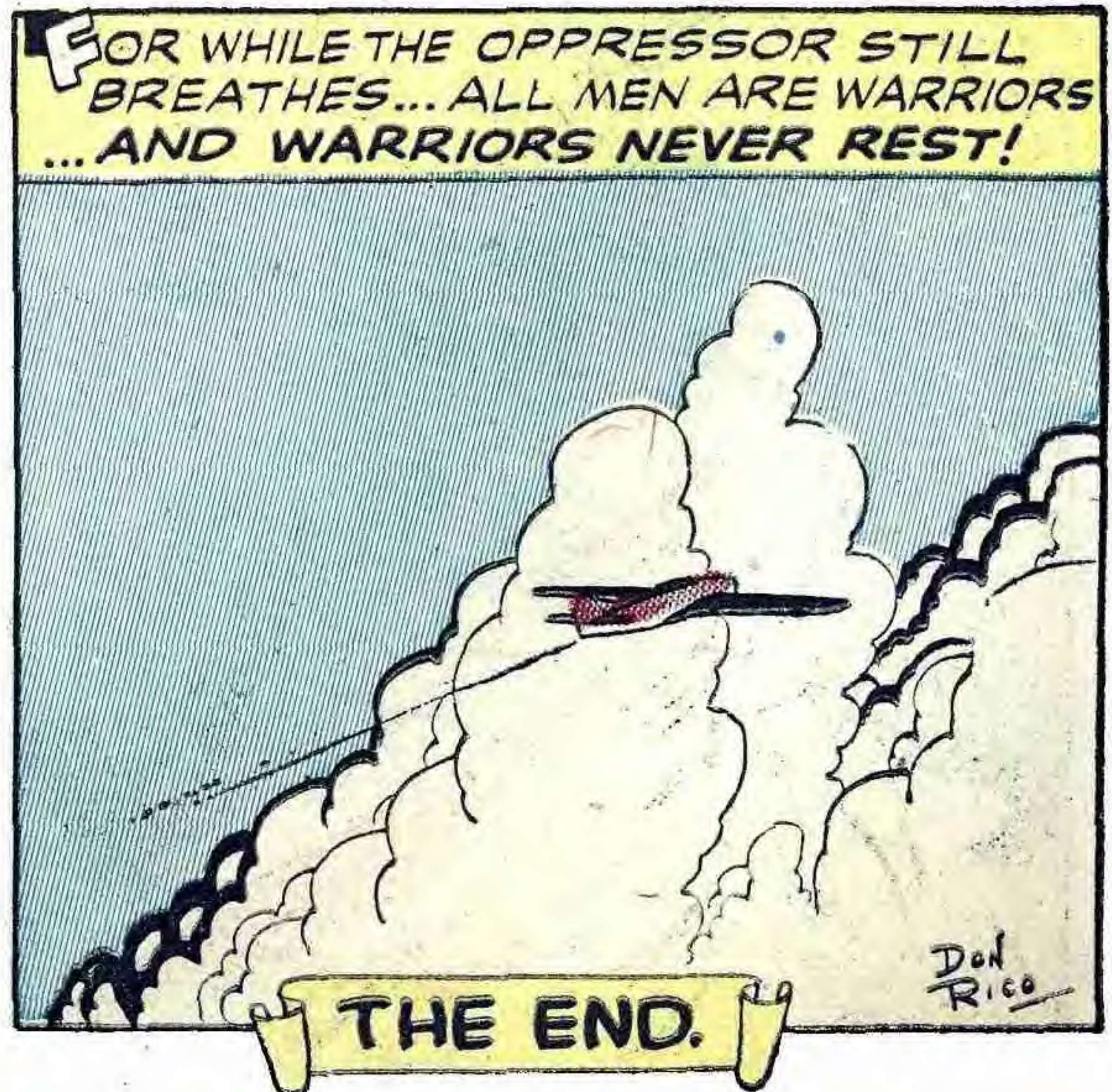


IN AN INSTANT, THE JUNGLE IS TURNED INTO A BLAZING INFERNO!!





...AND THE VALIANT FRIENDS PART, EACH TO HIS PART IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR!



CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.

LISBON, PORTUGAL...
CENTER OF INTRIGUE!
HOTBED OF SPIES!!

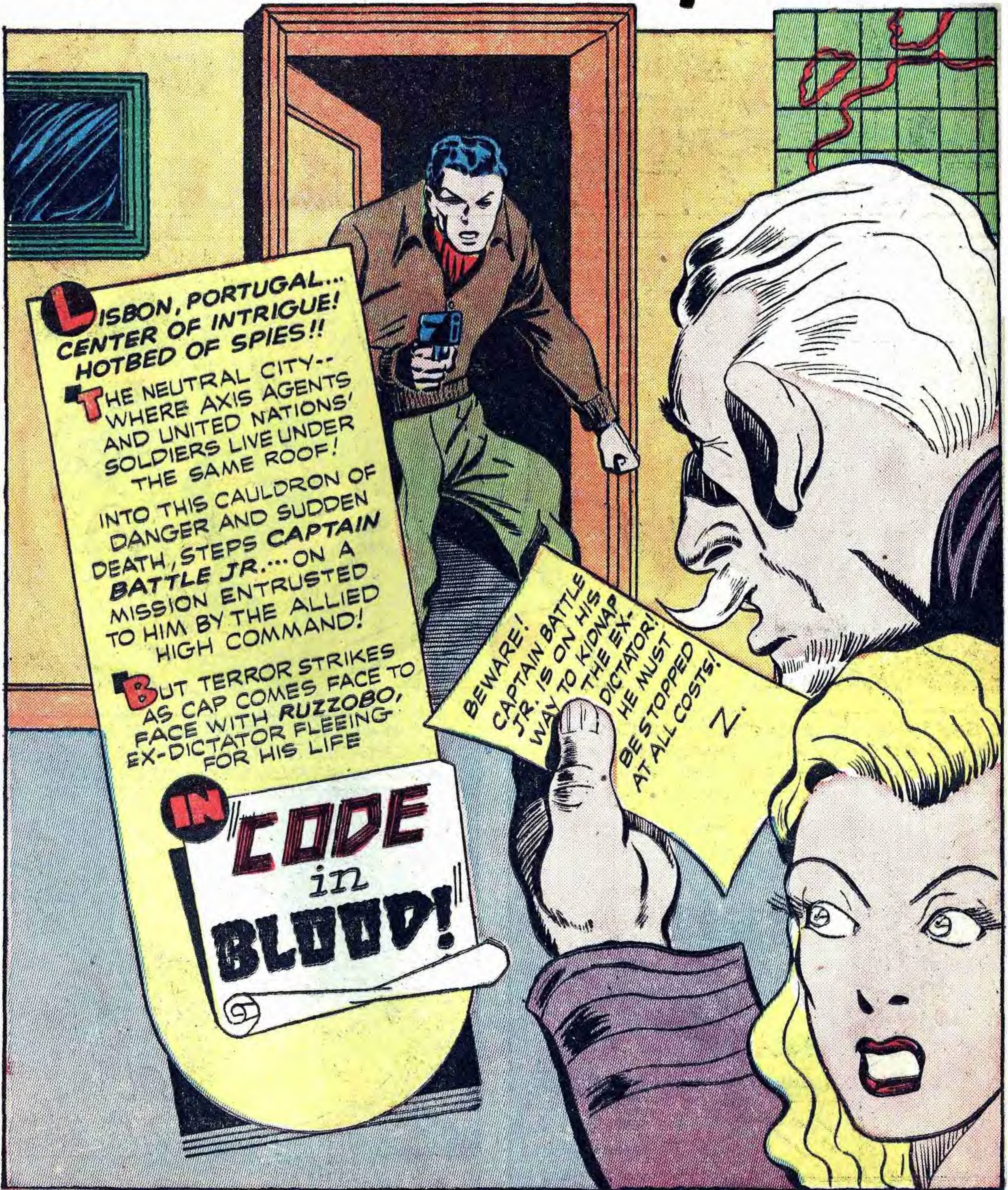
THE NEUTRAL CITY--
WHERE AXIS AGENTS
AND UNITED NATIONS'
SOLDIERS LIVE UNDER
THE SAME ROOF!

INTO THIS CAULDRON OF
DANGER AND SUDDEN
DEATH, STEPS CAPTAIN
BATTLE JR.... ON A
MISSION ENTRUSTED
TO HIM BY THE ALLIED
HIGH COMMAND!

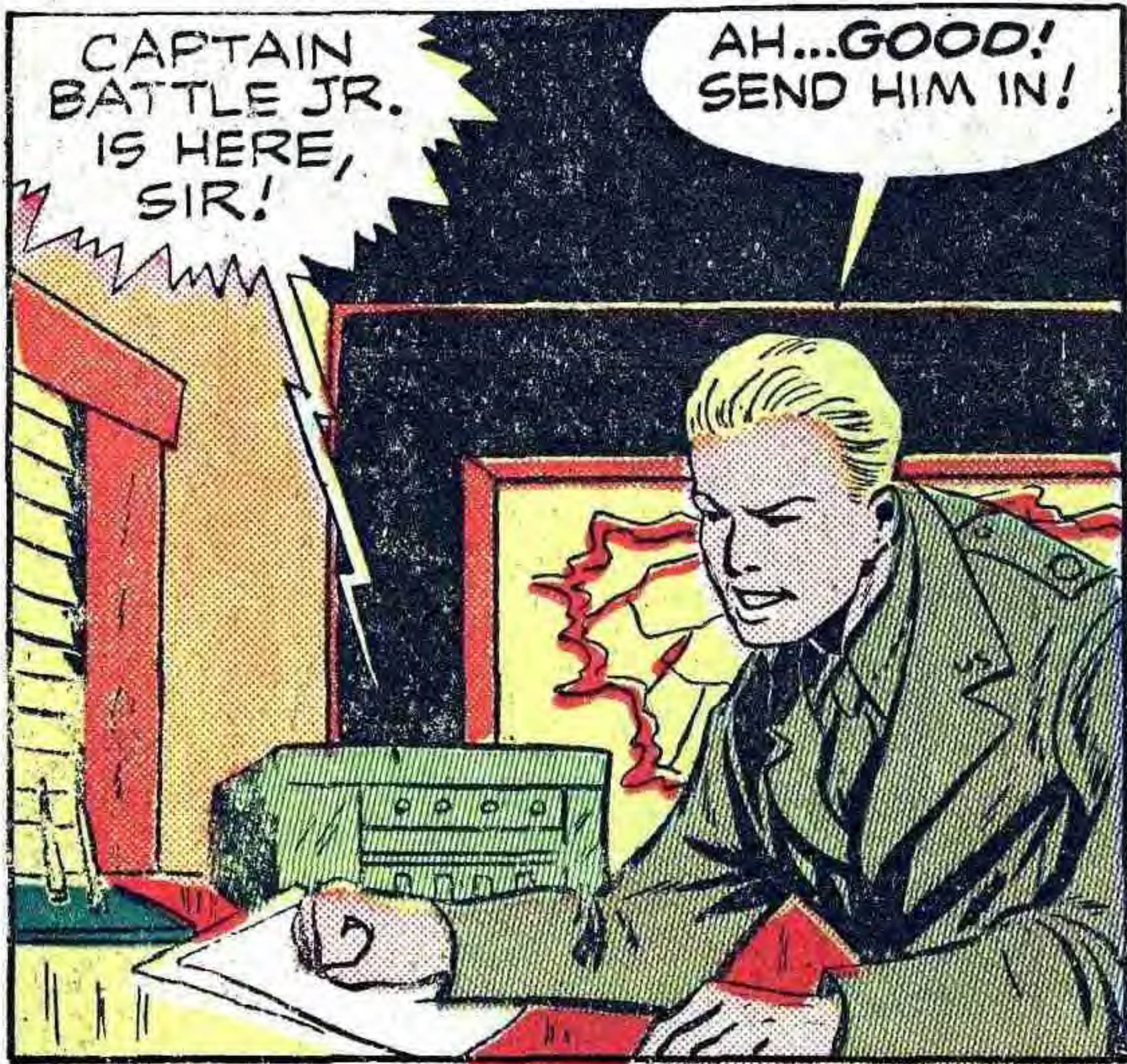
BUT TERROR STRIKES
AS CAP COMES FACE TO
FACE WITH **RUZZOBO**,
EX-DICTATOR FLEEING
FOR HIS LIFE

IN **CODE**
in
BLOOD!

BEWARE!
CAPTAIN BATTLE
JR. IS ON HIS
WAY TO KIDNAP
THE EX-
DICTATOR!
HE MUST
BE STOPPED
AT ALL COSTS!
Z.



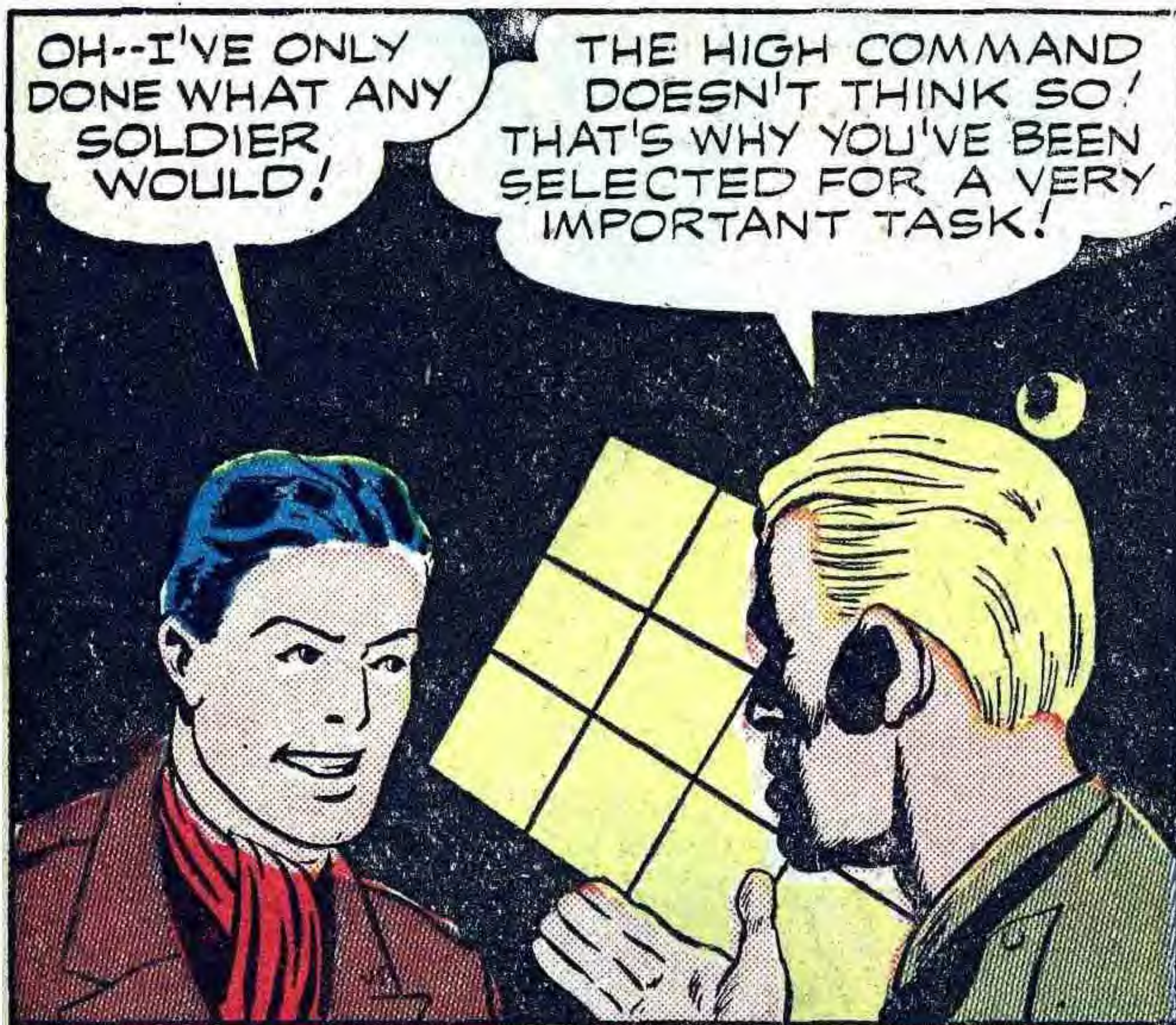
SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA... AT THE
LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY
INTELLIGENCE...



AH...GOOD!
SEND HIM IN!



CAPTAIN BATTLE JR.! IT'S
AN HONOR TO MEET SOME-
ONE WHO'S DONE SO
MUCH AS YOU HAVE!
SIT DOWN,
PLEASE!



THE HIGH COMMAND
DOESN'T THINK SO!
THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN
SELECTED FOR A VERY
IMPORTANT TASK!



AS YOU KNOW... **RUZZOBO**...
ANOTHER DICTATOR... HAS
TAKEN A RUN-OUT POWDER!
WE HAVE REASON TO BE-
LIEVE HE'S HIDING OUT IN
LISBON, WAITING FOR A
PLANE TO TAKE HIM
TO GERMANY!



EXACTLY! FIND HIM...
AND BRING HIM BACK
ALIVE! DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN DO IT?



THAT'S ALL I WANT,
CAPTAIN! I NEEDN'T
IMPRESS UPON YOU
THE IMPORTANCE OF
THIS MISSION! NOW,
GOODBYE...GOOD
LUCK!

A FEW DAYS LATER...THE METRO CLUB---IN LISBON...



LOOK, NITA!--- DID YOU SEE THE HANDSOME AMERICAN?

OF COURSE! THAT MUST BE THE ONE WE WERE WARNED ABOUT--THE CAPTAIN IS LOOKING FOR RUZZOBO, EH?



THAT'S THE MAN! GO AHEAD...YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!

LEAVE HIM TO ME!!



I BEG PARDON ---AREN'T YOU CAPTAIN BATTLE JR.?

EH?--YES! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?



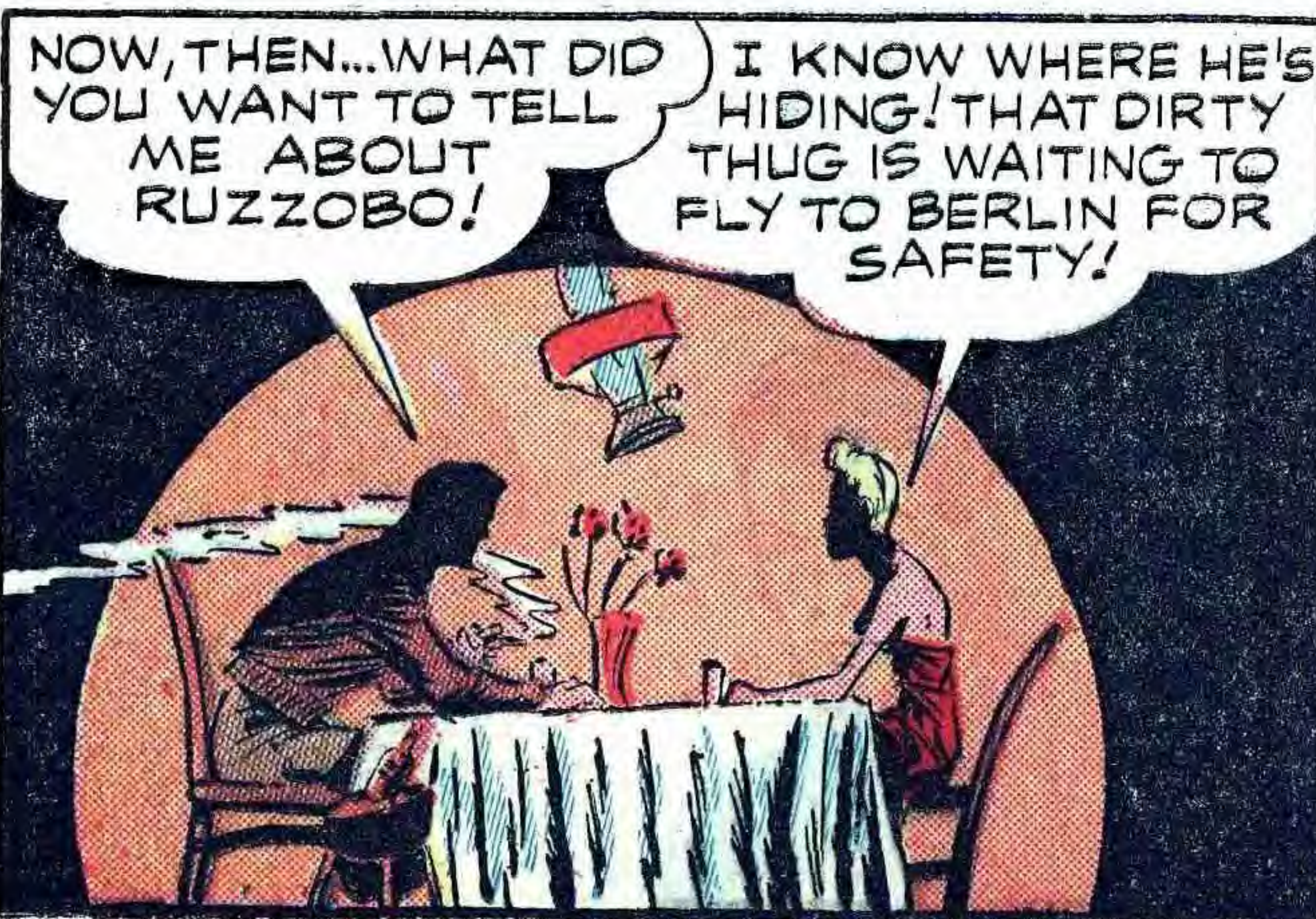
OH---YOUR FAME IS WIDESPREAD, CAPTAIN! COULD I SPEAK TO YOU--PRIVATELY?

I'M SORRY, MISS...I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE---



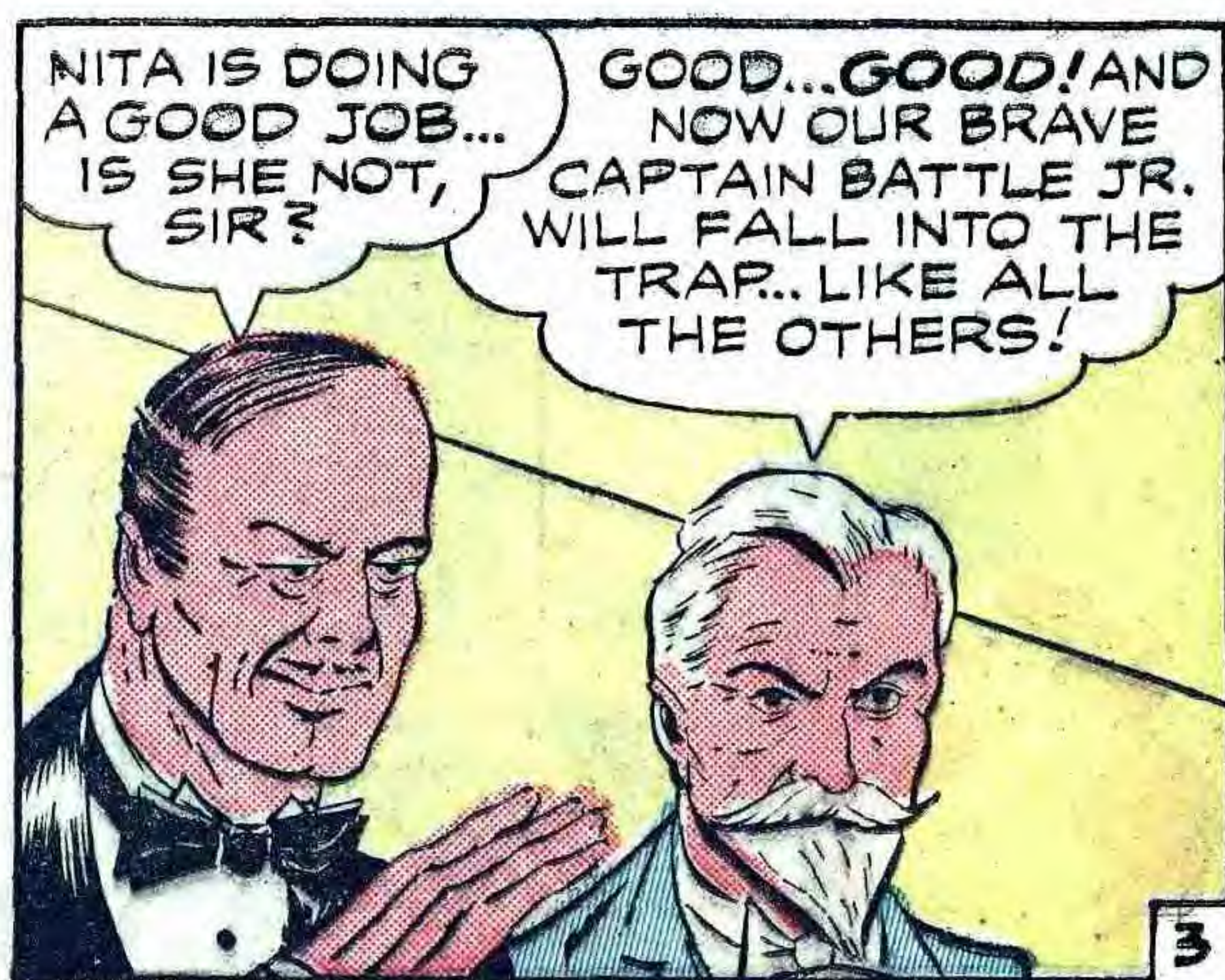
IT'S ABOUT... RUZZOBO!

SHH!...TAKE IT EASY! C'MON--LET'S SIT AT THAT CORNER TABLE!



NOW, THEN...WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT RUZZOBO!

I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING! THAT DIRTY THUG IS WAITING TO FLY TO BERLIN FOR SAFETY!



NITA IS DOING A GOOD JOB... IS SHE NOT, SIR?

GOOD...GOOD! AND NOW OUR BRAVE CAPTAIN BATTLE JR. WILL FALL INTO THE TRAP.. LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!



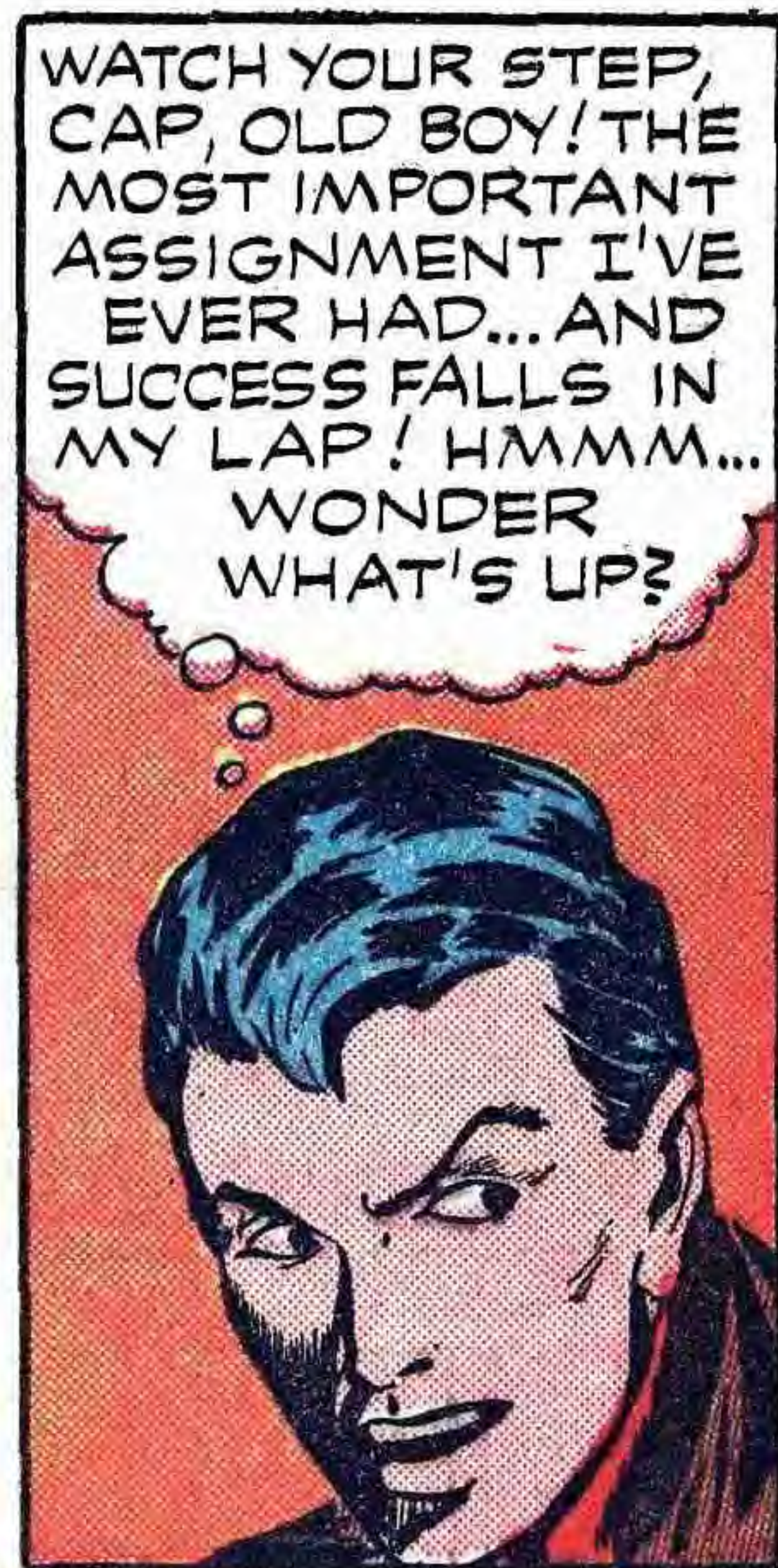
COME, CAPTAIN-- I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PLACE WHERE HE'S HIDING! THEN AFTER HE'S CAPTURED, COULD YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO AMERICA?

THAT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO, MISS!

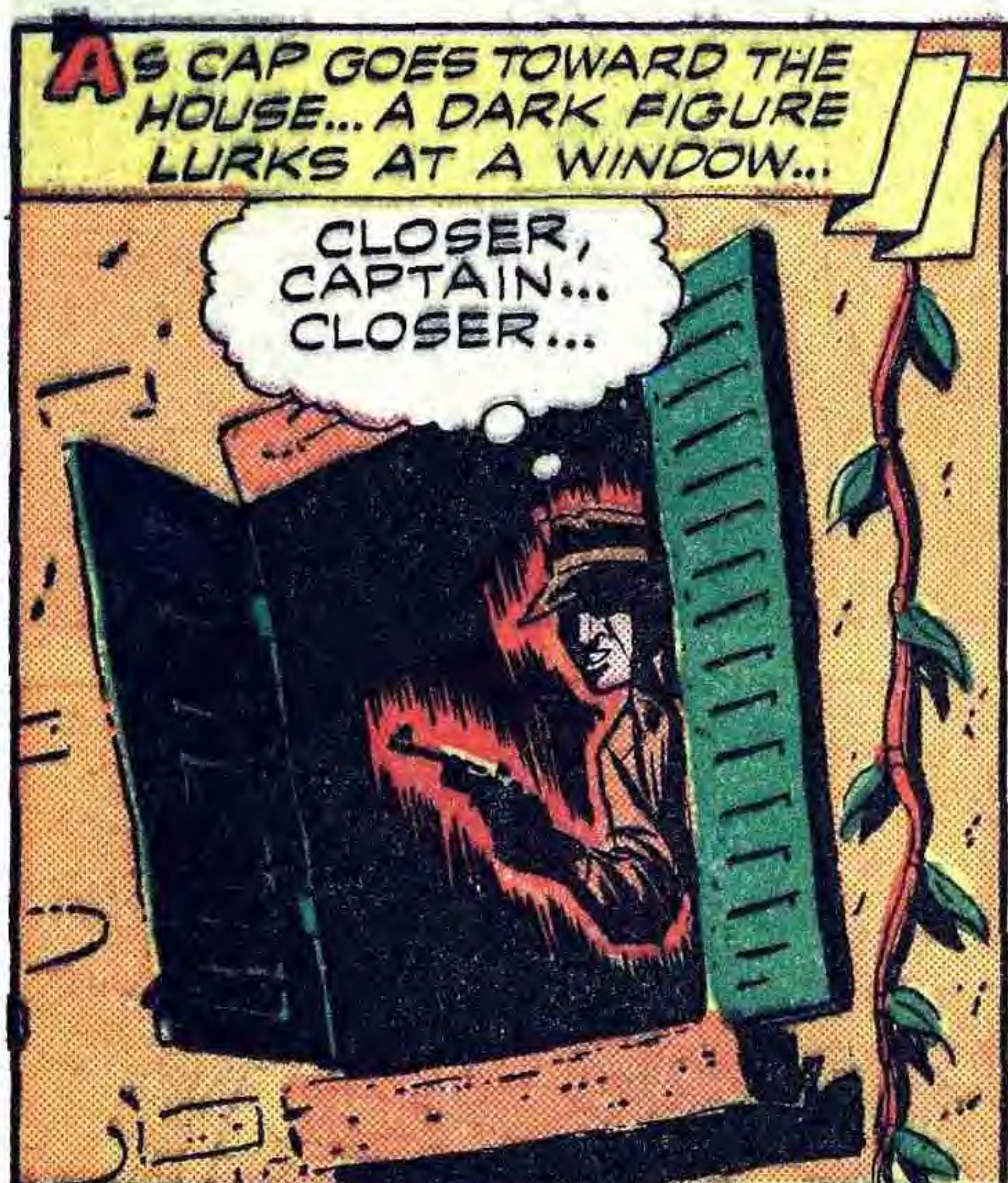


HE'S IN **THERE!** DON'T BE AFRAID TO GO IN BECAUSE HE'S ALL ALONE... ALL HIS FRIENDS HAVE DESERTED HIM!

THIS IS TOO EASY SO FAR!

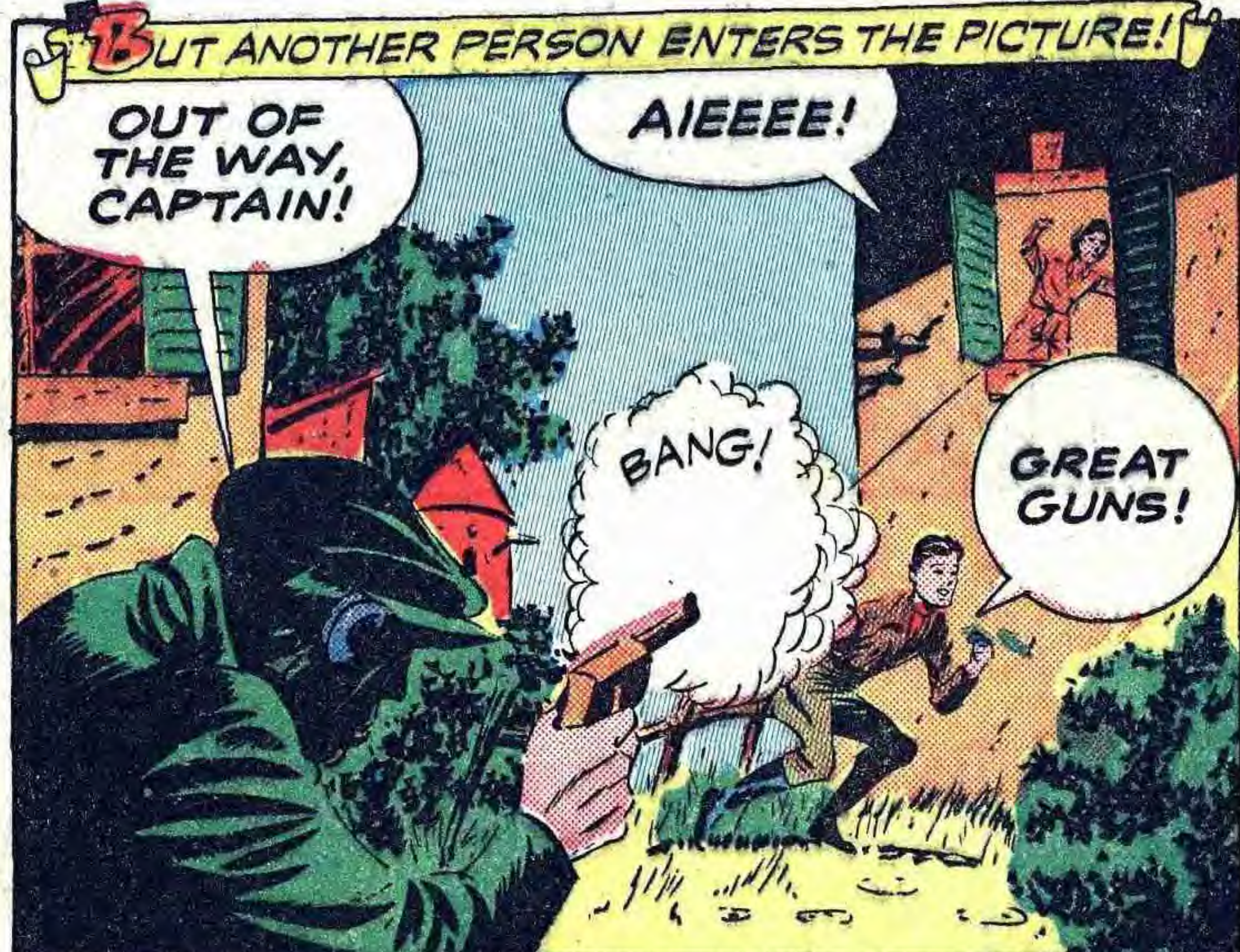


WATCH YOUR STEP, CAP, OLD BOY! THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT I'VE EVER HAD... AND SUCCESS FALLS IN MY LAP! HMMM... WONDER WHAT'S UP?



AS CAP GOES TOWARD THE HOUSE... A DARK FIGURE LURKS AT A WINDOW...

CLOSER, CAPTAIN... CLOSER...



OUT OF THE WAY, CAPTAIN!

AIEEEE!

BANG!

GREAT GUNS!



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE COMMOTION, CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.,-- BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL!

THANKS, BUD... I OWE YOU MY LIFE! BUT WHY DID YOU...



I AM X-69 OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE--- I KNOW MY WAY AROUND LISBON... SO I WAS DELEGATED TO GUARD YOU! YOU WERE LED INTO A TRAP, SIR!



BUT THAT GIRL--- **HOLY CATS... SHE'S GONE!!**

THAT'S RIGHT! SHE'S ONE OF RUZZOBO'S GANG-- THE DECOY TO LEAD YOU TO DEATH!!

AT THAT MOMENT...IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE CAFE.

SOMETHING WENT
WRONG, EXCELLENCY!
BRUG WAS SHOT
BY A STRANGER!

WHAT? AND CAPTAIN
BATTLE, JR. IS STILL
ALIVE? YOU HAVE
FAILED, NITA... YOU
KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS!

NO...NO! DON'T
KILL ME!! GIVE
ME ONE MORE
CHANCE...PLEASE!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR
CHANCE, NITA...
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO NOW!

SUDDENLY...

HELLO, MISS!
REMEMBER
ME?

CAPTAIN!

AH...COME
IN, SIR---
COME IN!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLIE!
SPILL IT--- WHAT'S
THE SCORE?

I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING,
CAPTAIN! IF I
DON'T, HE'LL...

BANG!

HEY!
YOU'VE
SHOT
HER!

YES, CAPTAIN! DIDN'T YOU
SEE? SHE WAS ABOUT
TO PULL A GUN
ON YOU!

YOU ARE IN GREAT
DANGER, CAPTAIN!
MANY PEOPLE KNOW
YOU ARE HERE TO
CATCH RUZZOBO,
AND WOULD STOP
AT NOTHING TO
KILL YOU! IF YOU
WILL TRUST ME...
I CAN HELP
YOU!

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PLACE MYSELF IN YOUR HANDS...WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?

HIDE OUT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS UNTIL RUZZOBO'S MEN THINK YOU'VE LEFT! THEN GET ON HIS TRAIL AGAIN!

YOU CAN STAY AT MY PLACE! I LIVE IN A MISERABLE HOVEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! NOBODY'D SUSPECT YOU WERE THERE!

AND SO THE BEARDED MAN LEADS CAPTAIN BATTLE JR. THROUGH A MAZE OF ALLEYS TOWARD HIS HUT...



...IN HERE, CAPTAIN!



GOSH...I'M PUTTING YOU TO TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

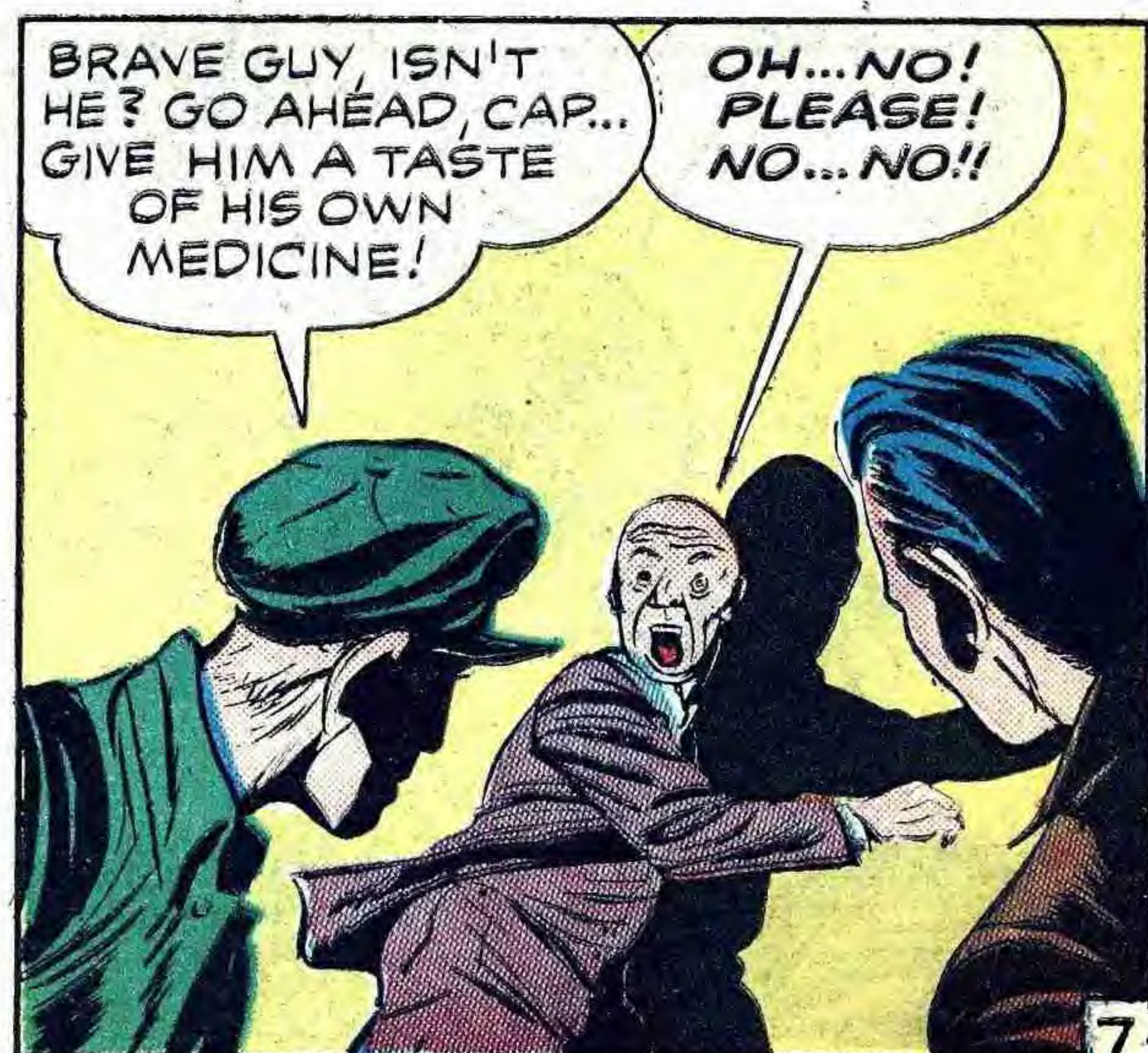
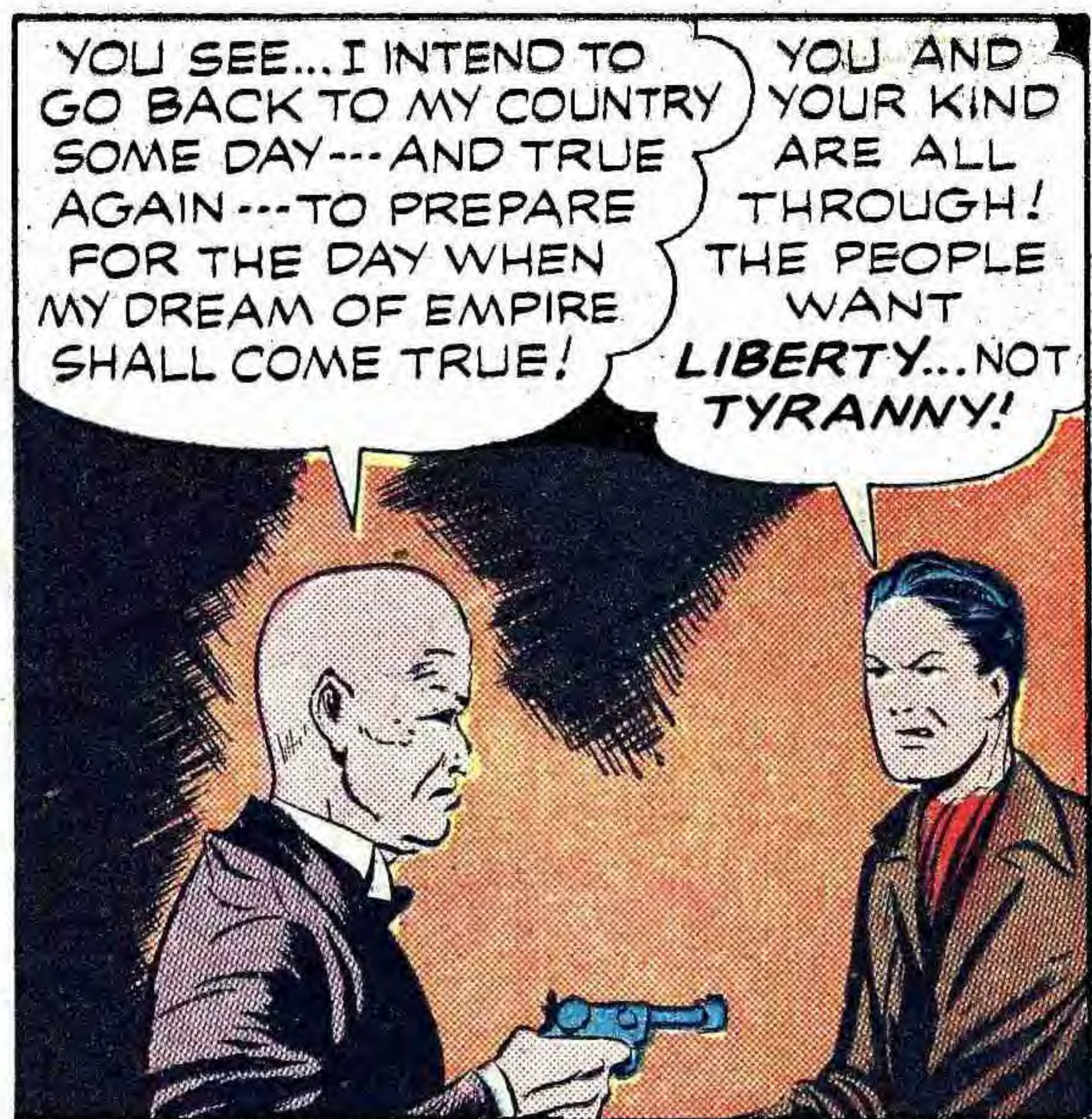
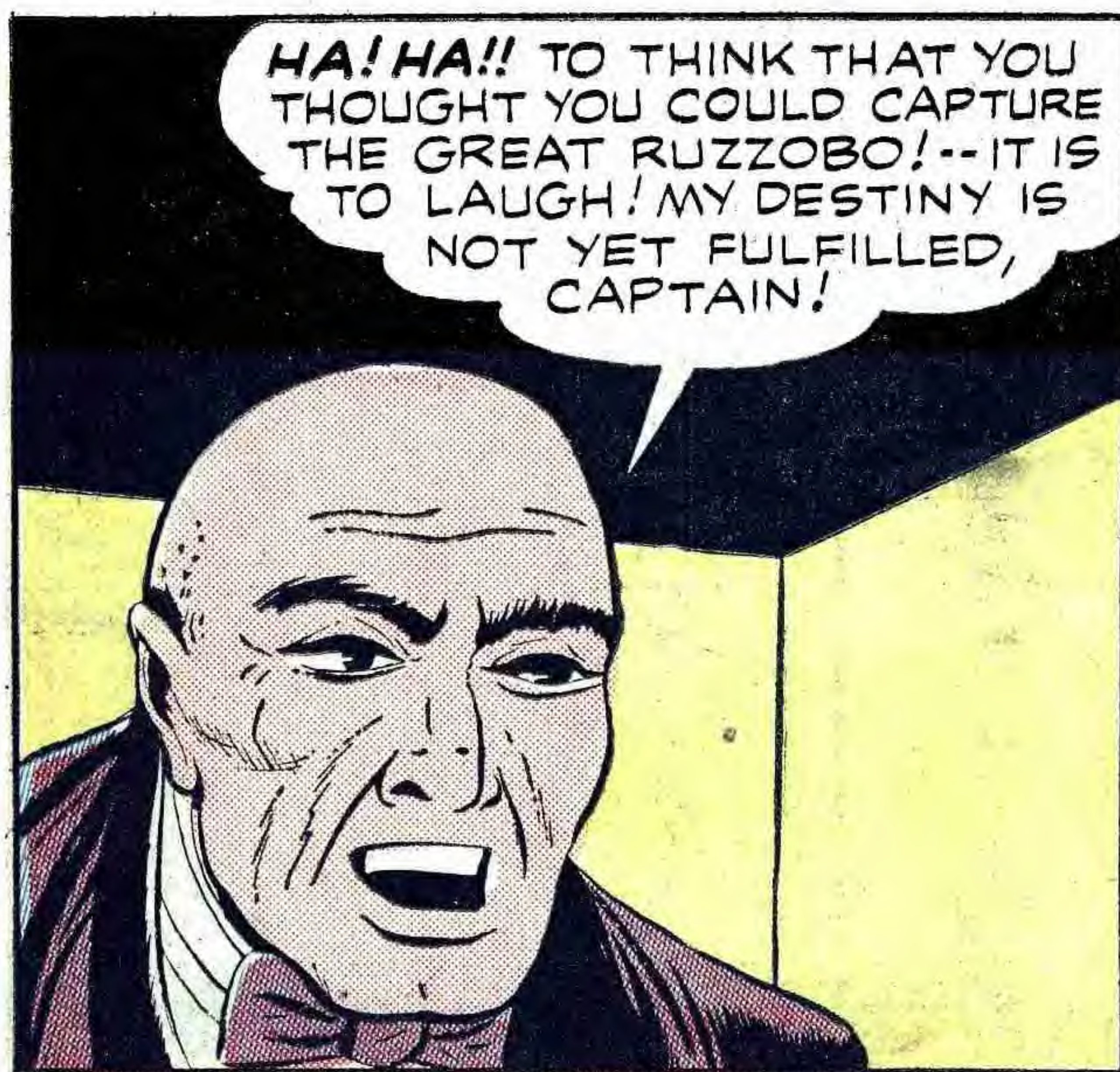
NO TROUBLE, CAPTAIN! ER... TURN AROUND, PLEASE!



RUZZOBO!!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE REALLY IN A TRAP THIS TIME!





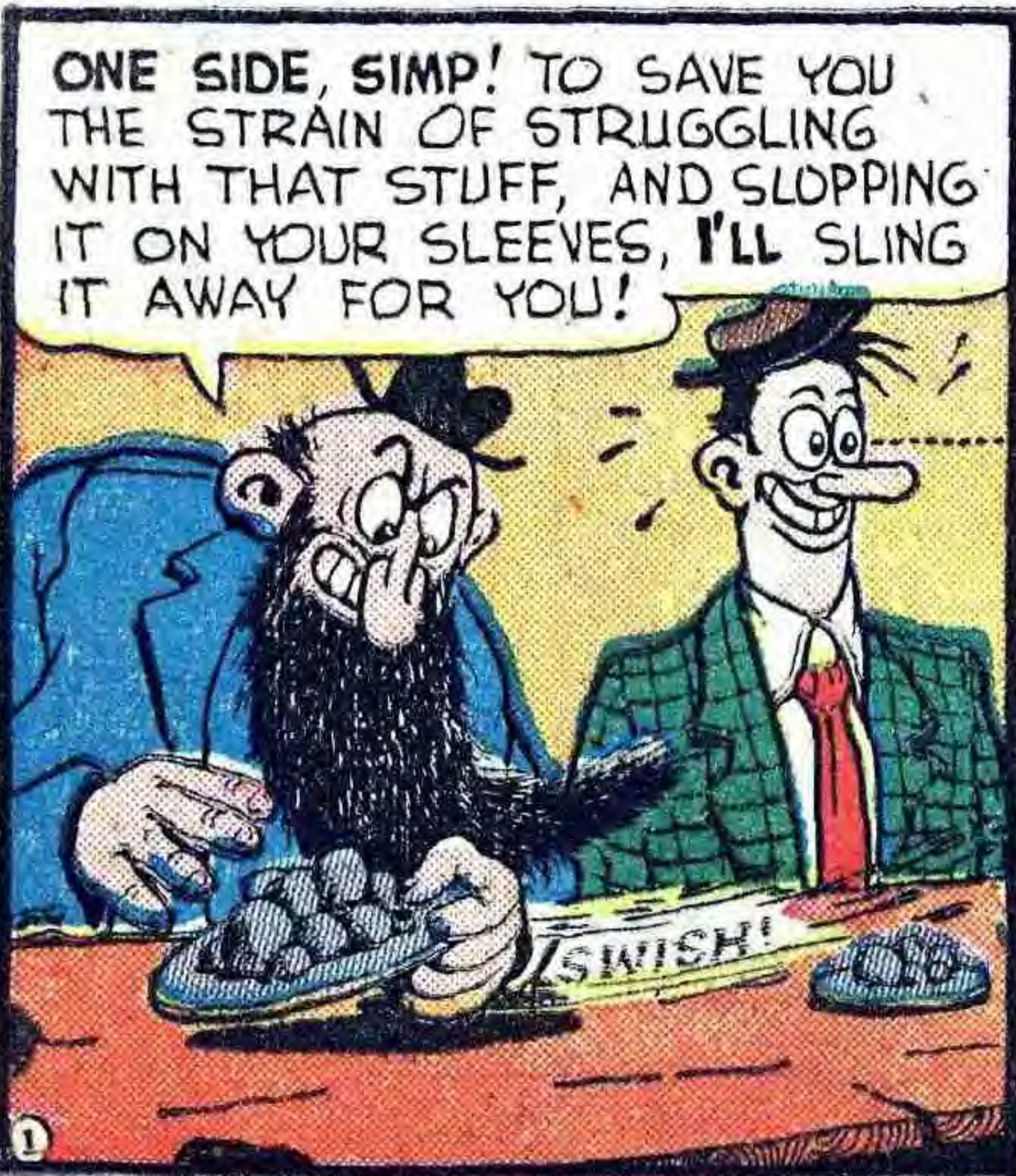
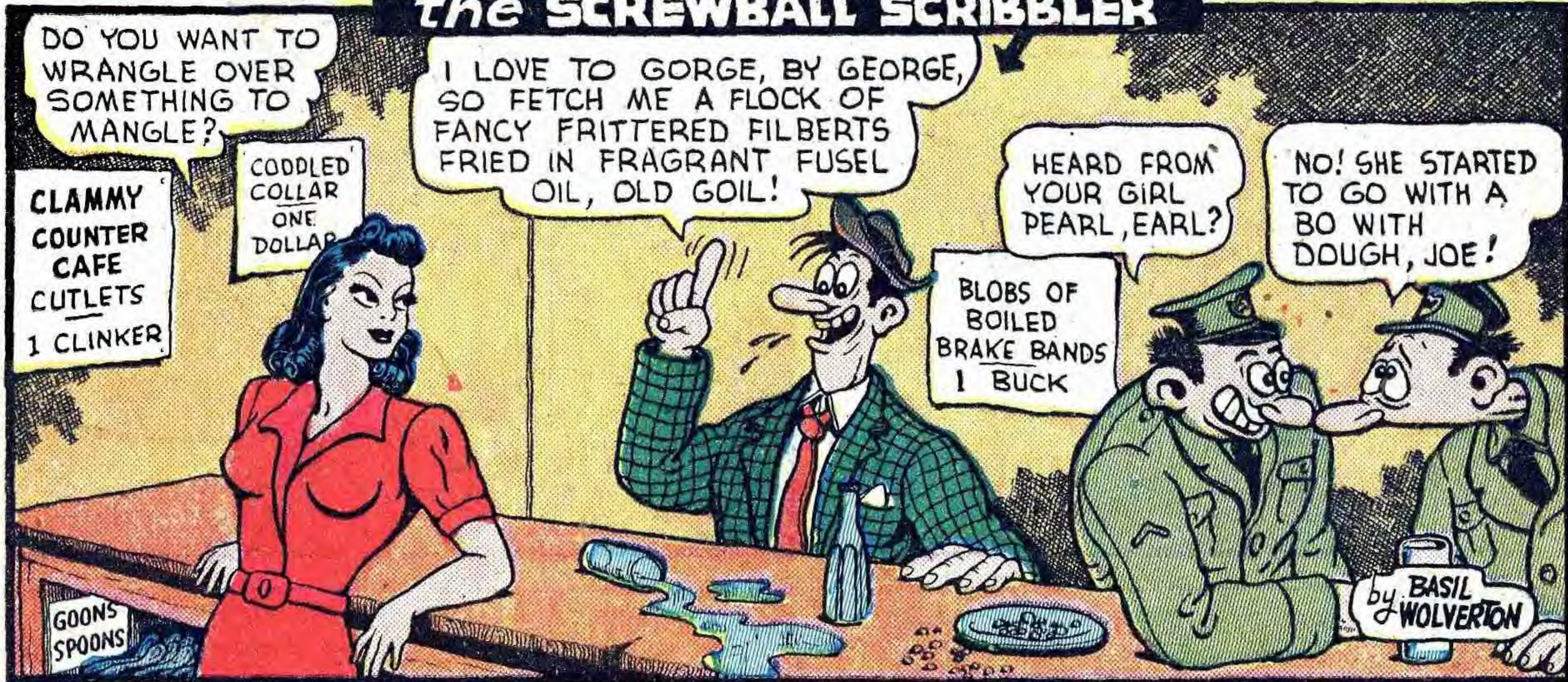


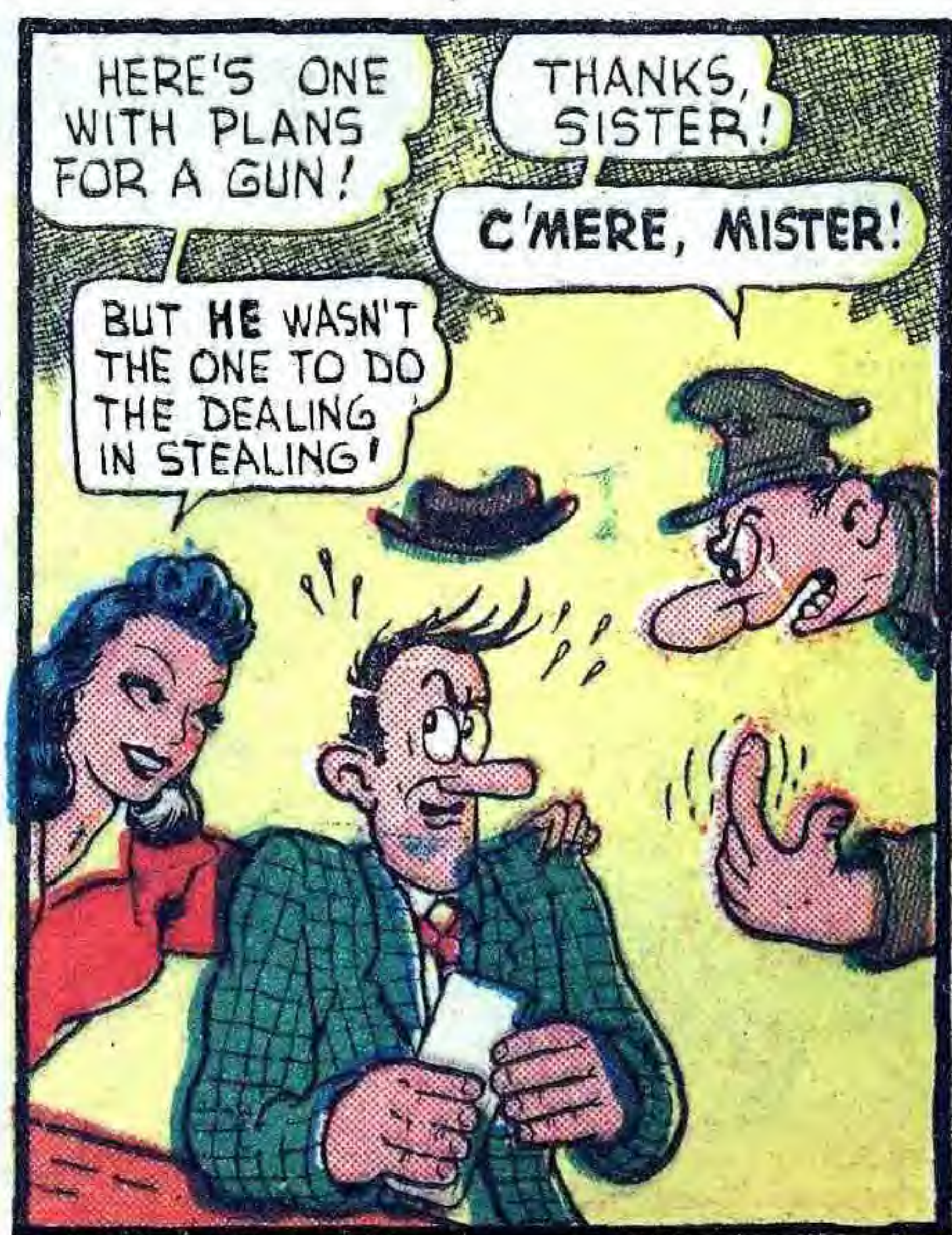
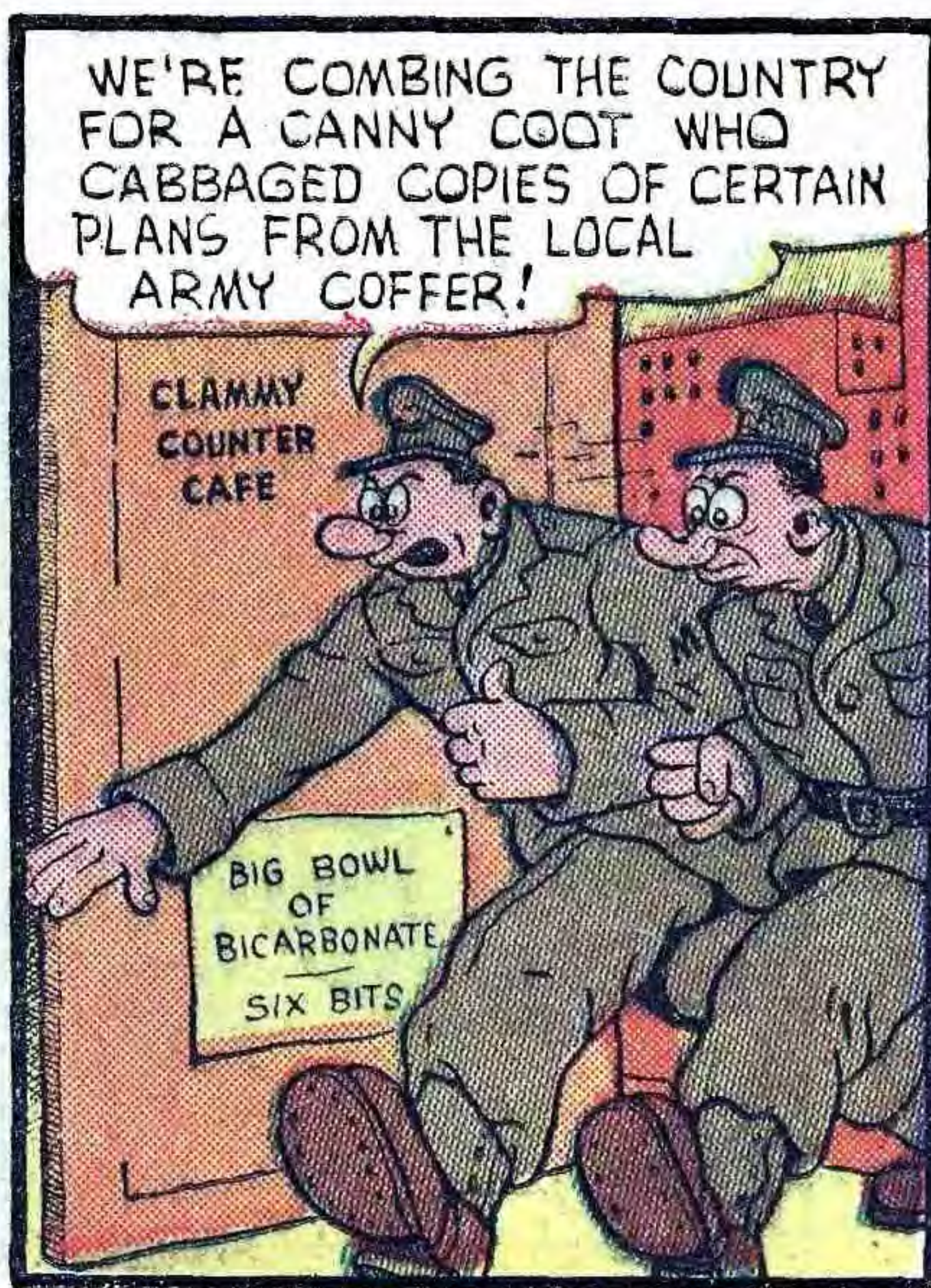
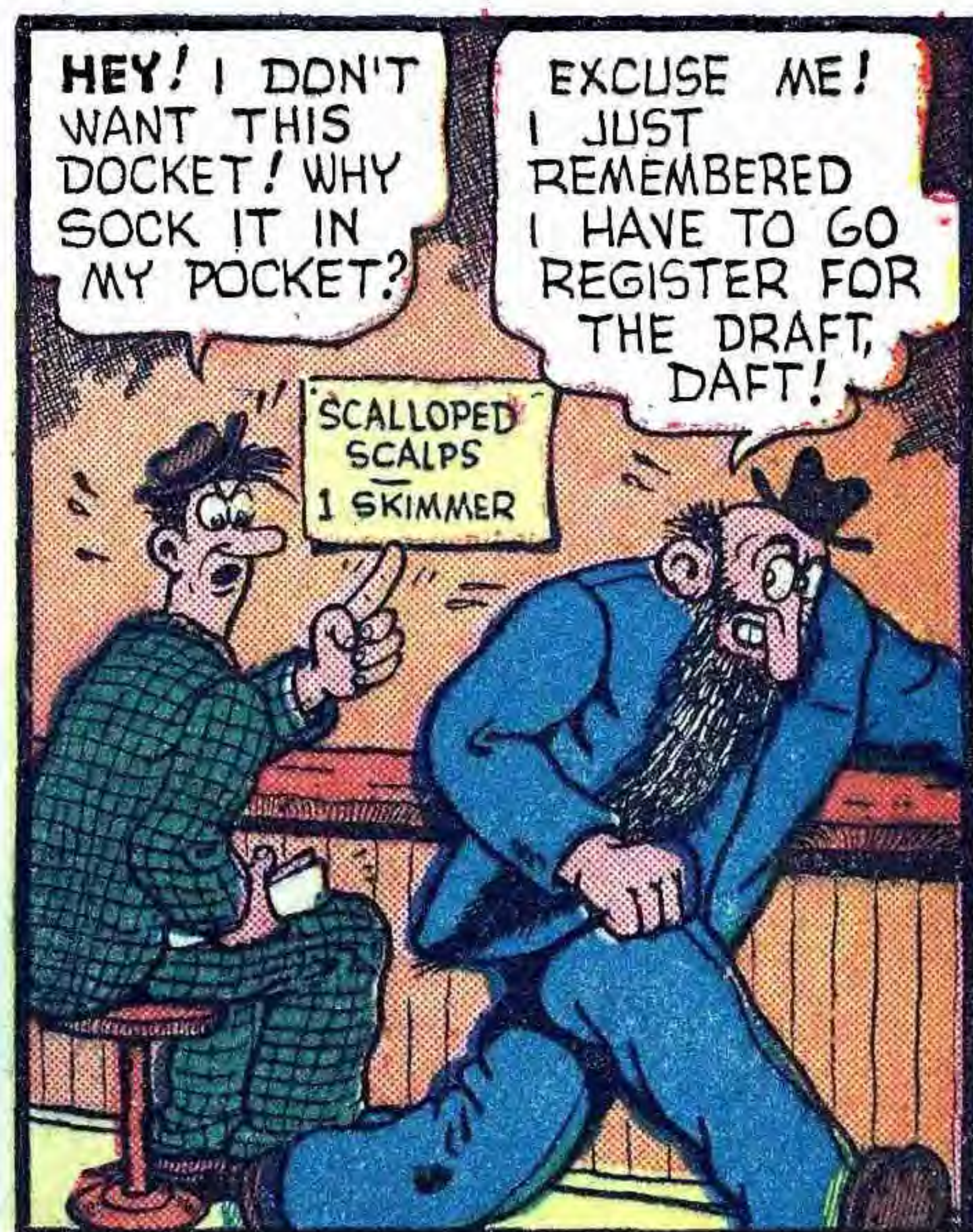
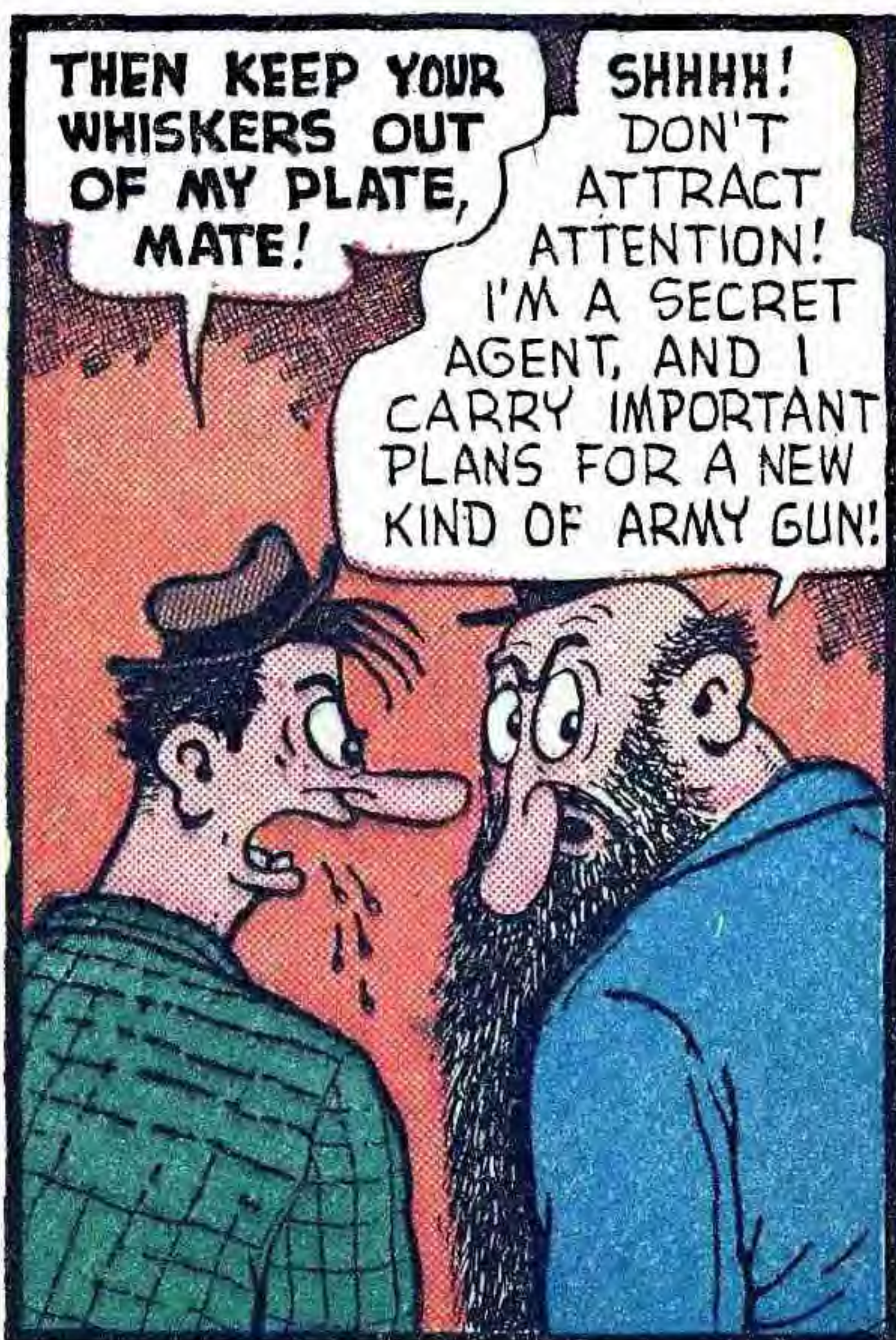
**HELP
CAPTAIN
BATTLE
JUNIOR**
IN HIS
FIGHT
AGAINST
THE
AXIS...
**BUY
WAR
BONDS
and
STAMPS!**

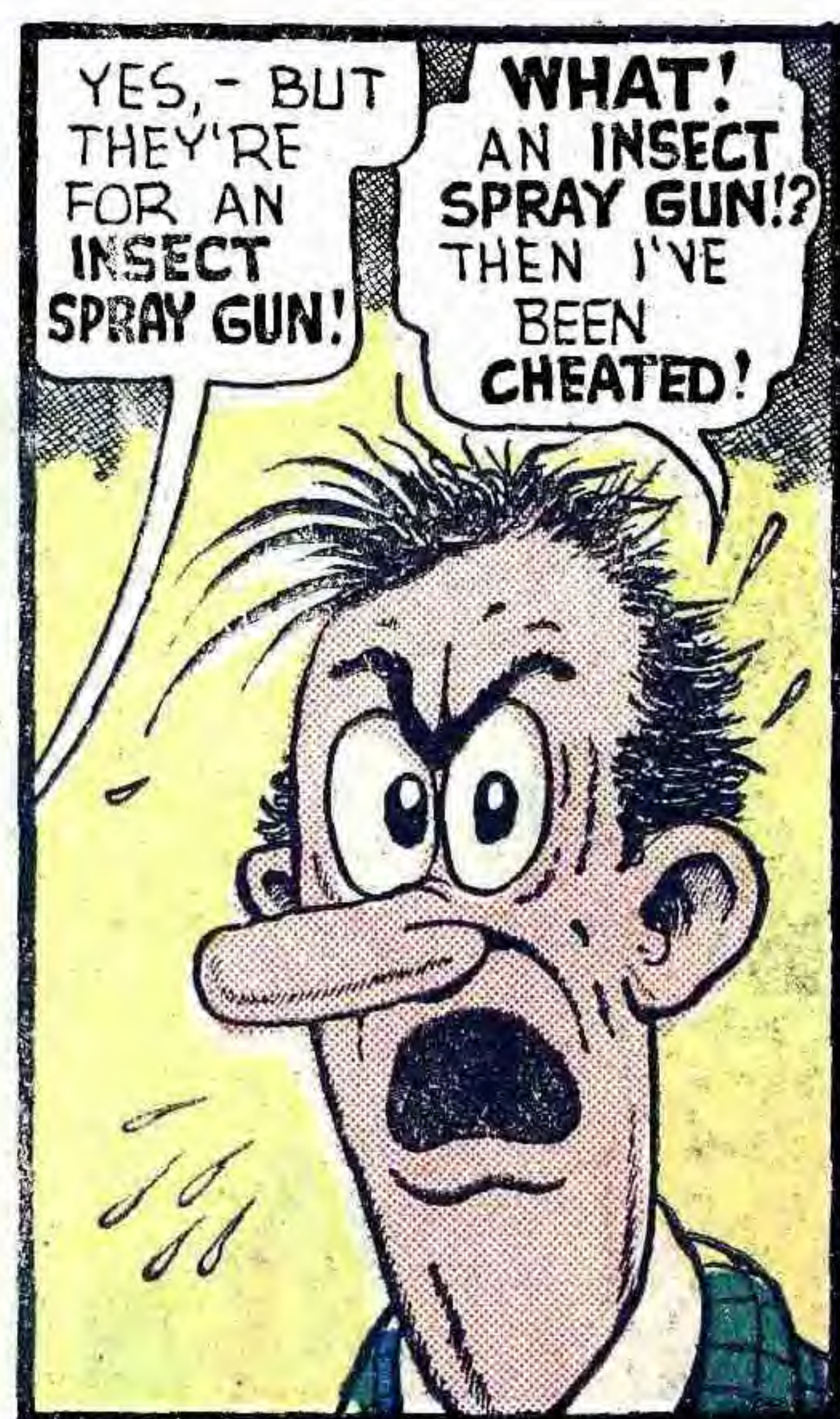
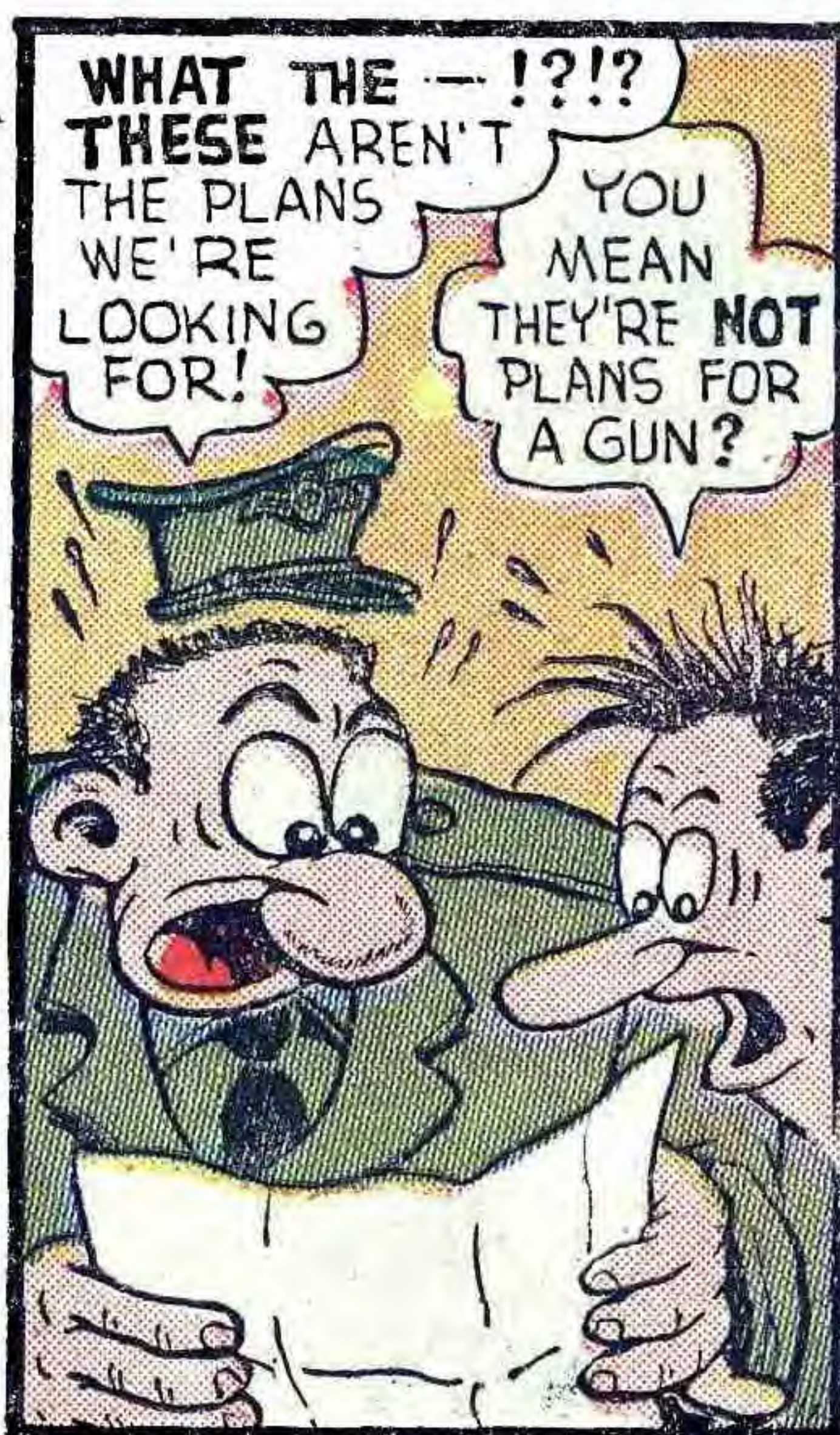
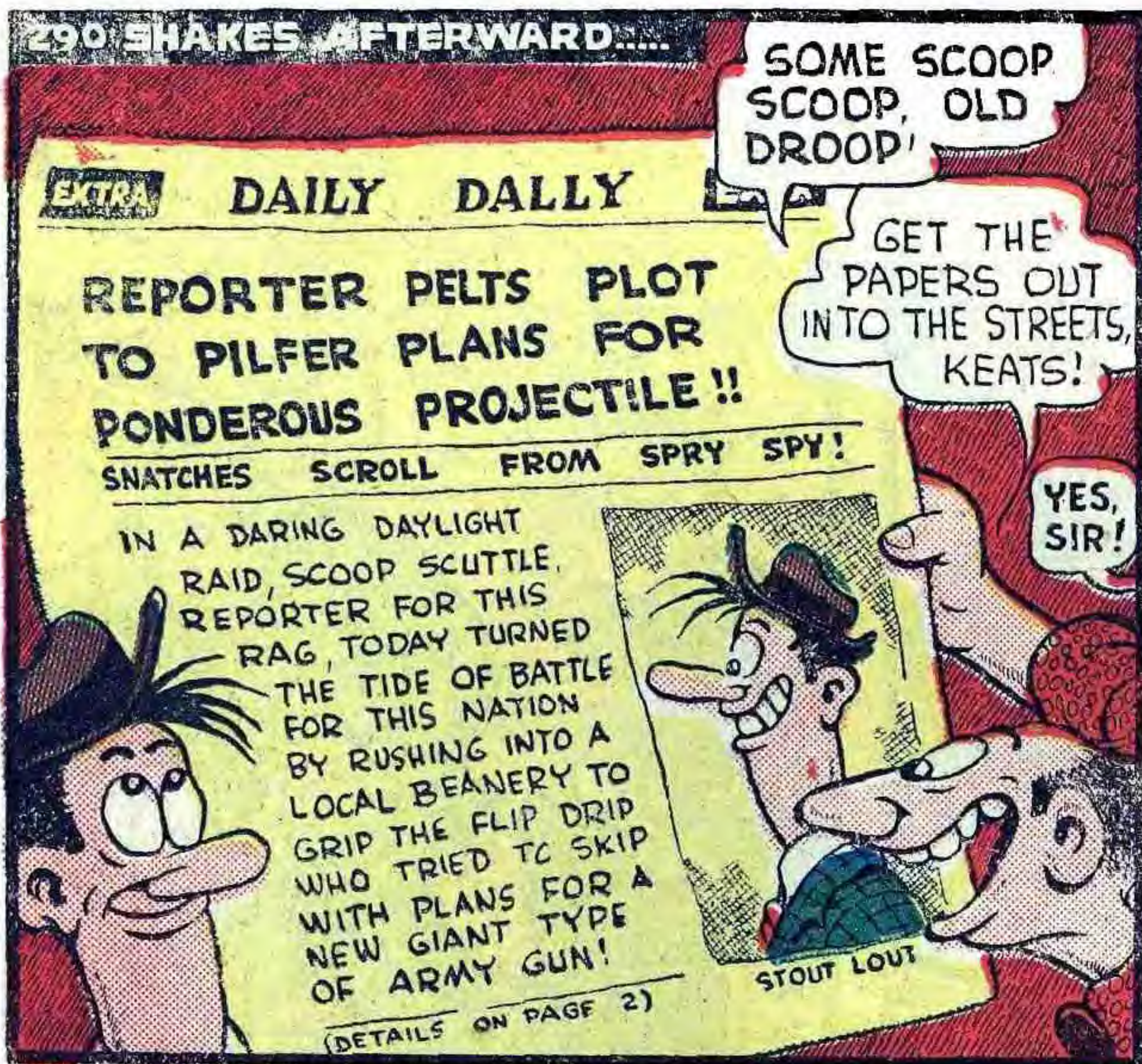
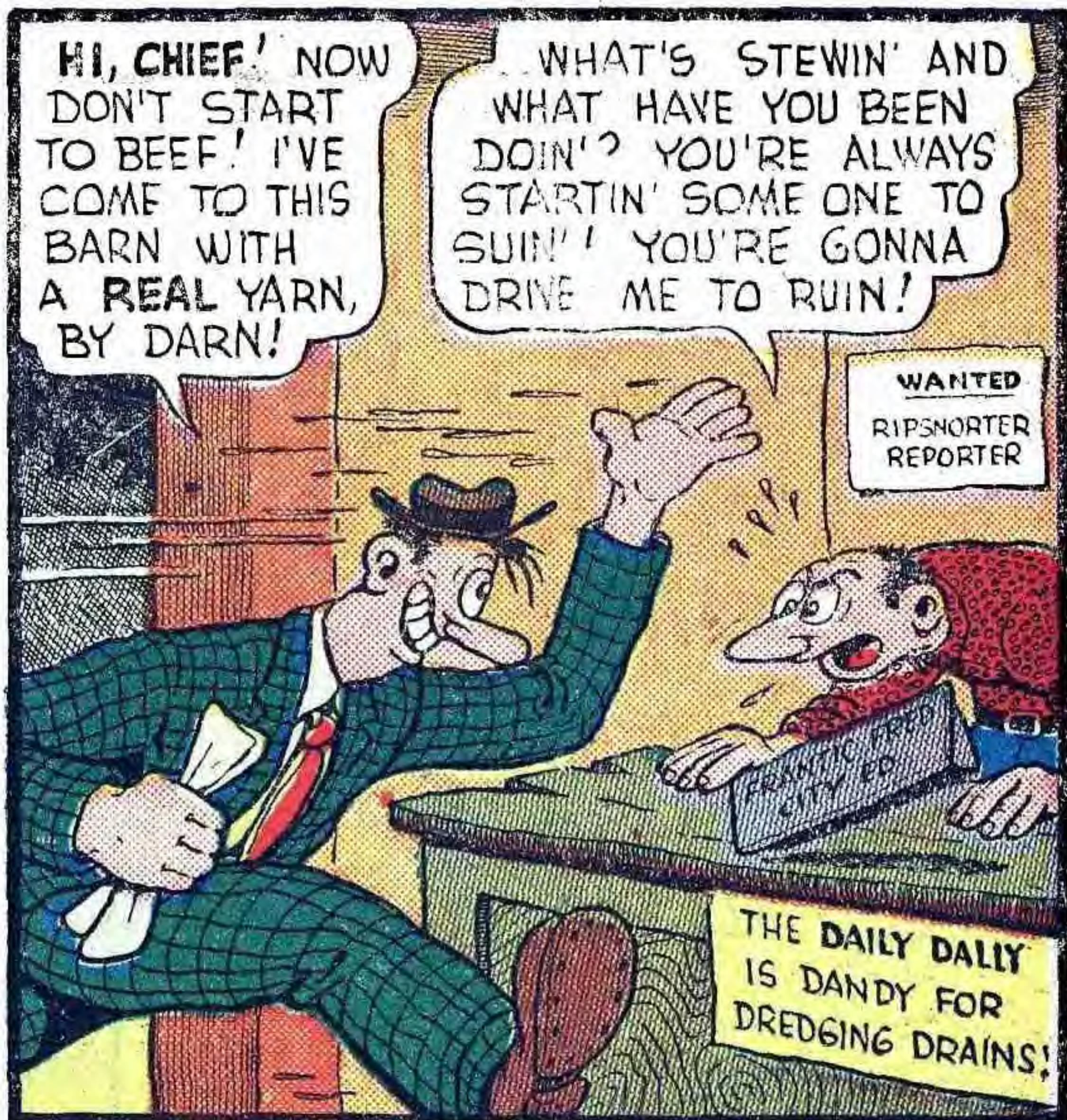
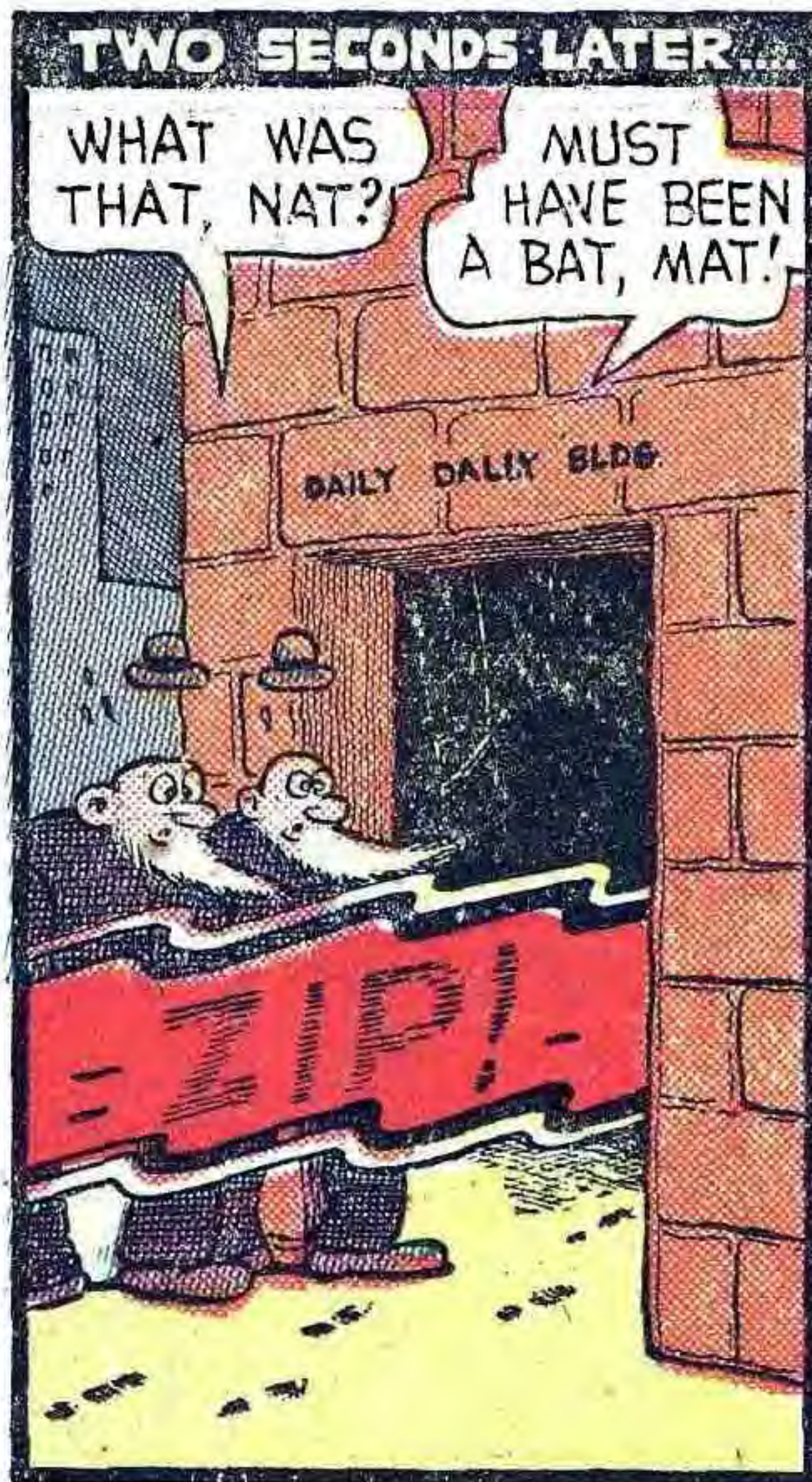
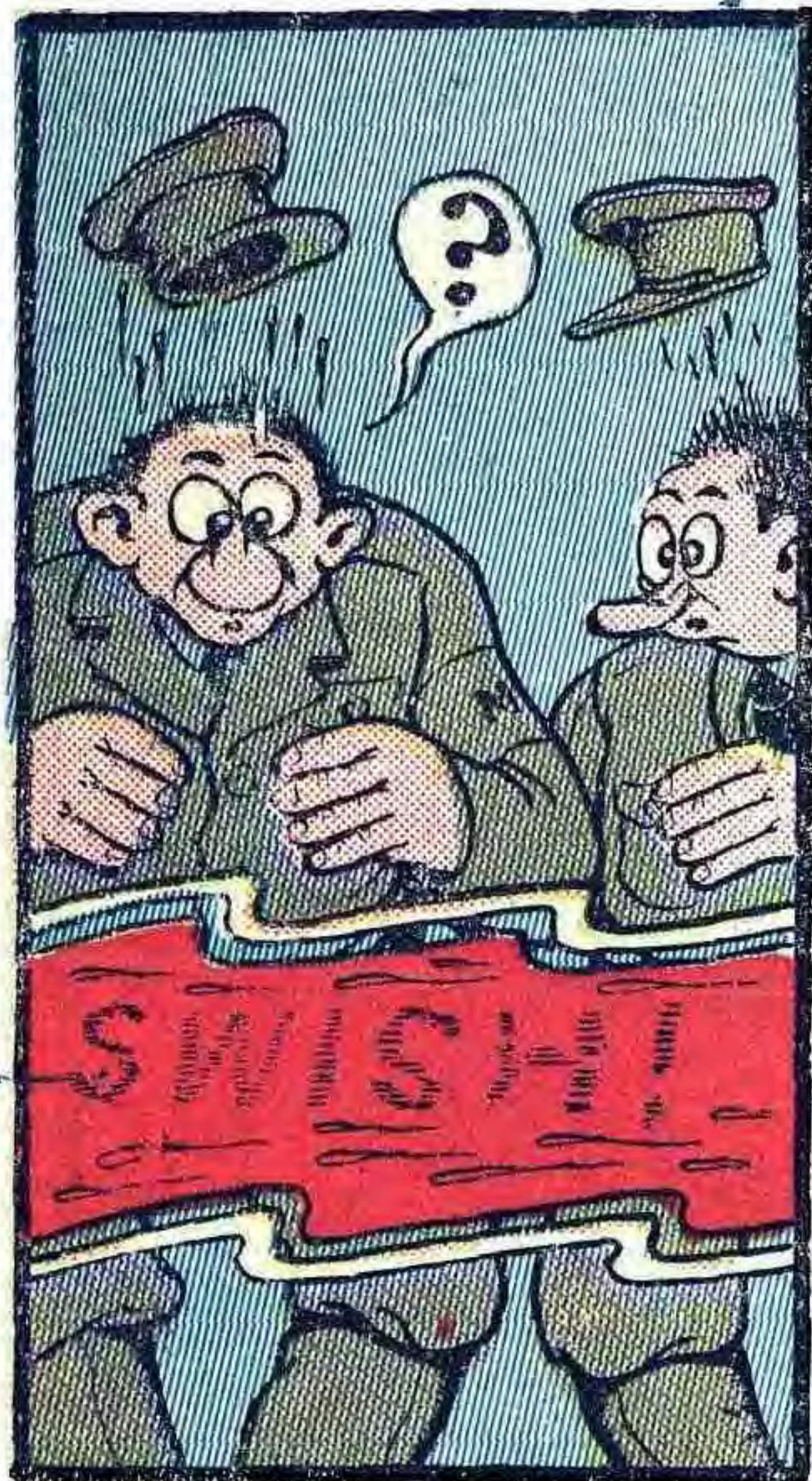
THE END.

SCOOP SCUTTLE

the SCREWBALL SCRIBBLER







SLOW DRAWIN' FOOL

BY KANE MILLER

TOTT CITY was ominously quiet. With the exception of a droopy paint pony tied to the hitchrack in front of the Gold Banner Saloon, the street was deserted.

Jed Graymes looked along the hot expanse; opposite the Gold Banner stood Kenly's Restaurant. Crossing the street obliquely he reached the screen door of the restaurant safely.

"Yo're Lew Graymes' boy, ain't you?"

Jed's eyes were opaquely still as he stared across the counter at the round-faced little man with the white apron tied around his waist.

"Just how would you be knowin' that?" he said softly.

The round-faced man placed his elbows on the high counter. "You wouldn't remember me—you was just a button then, but I pot-busted f'r yore paw afore he was dry-gulched, nine years ago—"

"You worked for Lew Graymes?"

"When he was boss of the old Bar 30—yonder."

Jed's thin, bitter-lined face did not change expression. "I'll have coffee," he said, "black."

"I'm Mike Kenly," said the other man as he slid the hot coffee under Jed's strong, smooth-shaven chin. "You got Lew Graymes' eyes an' mouth—in fact yo're a spit-tin' image of him." Abruptly Kenly changed the subject. "You be careful — Blackie Ranson's in Tott City—"

"Ranson's still proddin' the Bar 30, ain't he?"

Kenly nodded. "When yore paw was killed," he said, "Ranson took over the Bar 30 water rights, which gave him control of the hull basin."

"Yeah—"

"What I been tryin' to fig're out," said Kenly, "is how in Tophet you can be here at all . . ."

"Meanin'?"

"I remember lookin' down at you nine years ago an' thinkin' what a fine lookin' button you was . . . I see'd you blasted to hell the same day yore paw got his! How you lived is more'n I can fig're—"

Jed dropped a coin on the counter.

Kenly said abruptly: "You be careful. Blackie Ranson don't fight in the middle of the street. An' he knows yo're in Tott City."

Jed stepped cautiously out of the restaurant and moved slowly along the plank walk. He paused outside the batwing doors of the Gold Banner. A faint sound as of a boot on a pine floor reached his ears. There was someone against the wall just inside of the saloon . . .

Jed's wide mouth loosened in a faint, hard grin. On tip-toe he stepped back around the corner of the building. Jed ran along the wall to the rear of the saloon. Here another door stood open.

Cautiously, he slipped inside. He stood in a short hallway that ran toward the front of the building.

Moving slowly, his right hand gun gripped between his fingers, he traversed the length of the hall. Holding his breath now, he reached for the knob of the door at the end . . .

The interior of the saloon was a zone of suspended animation. Jed's slate-gray eyes swept the room; at the front, grouped on either side of the bat-wings, six men leaned tautly against the wall. Their faces were turned to the door, waiting for him to push his way in from the street. Behind the long bar a mammoth-figured bartender polished whiskey glasses, his eyes also turned toward the front. Softly as a cat, Jed moved toward a table in the rear of the room.

At this table sat a man whose wide brown belt was decorated with steel conchas. Blackie Ranson!! Waiting, a commander of armed forces for his men to exterminate the enemy. Blackie Ranson his dark face wreathed in curling streamers of tobacco smoke . . .

"You didn't quite kill me, Ranson," said Jed evenly, "that mornin'." He bent his head toward the door in the back. "Just walk soft-like to that door. I'll be as close to you as a fever tick to a long-horn." He moved the muzzle

"If you raise yore voice, Ranson, yo're a dead polecat." Jed's long-barreled Colt-gun jammed hard against Ranson's back . . .

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did Blackie Ranson reveal alarm. "Nombre de Dios," he said softly, "it is true then—you are alive, eh?"

of the gun the merest trifle.

Ranson shrugged, as he turned away from the table.

Mike Kenly grunted as he saw Ranson and Jed step into the dust behind the Gold Banner, murmuring, "Heads up does it, boy—thet Ranson's the slickest gun-fanner in Arizona . . ."

Twenty-five feet from the building Jed halted. Kenly heard him say, "I'm keepin' you covered, Ranson, until yo're fifteen paces yonder way. Count 'em off, then turn around."

Kenly counted the number of times Blackie Ranson's high-heeled boots sank into the powdery dust. He watched Ranson's right hand, too, but the man did not draw. At fourteen paces he swung around. His slender fingers were held slightly in front of his body, like talons.

"One more step," said Jed.

Jed slid his gun into his holster. "Make yore play, Ranson," he called. His lean body was balanced lightly on the balls of his feet.

Stark hatred flared in Ranson's black eyes. His full red lips drew back over fang-like teeth. His long-barreled Peacemaker was in his right hand and he had fanned three shots at Jed before Jed's gun had cleared its holster.

Jed's draw was a smooth, unhurried motion, ending with his .41 Colt shoulder

high. He fired but once, coolly, and watched the slug slam into Blackie Ranson's chest. Ranson fired once more, but the bullet dug a furrow in the heavy dust ten feet ahead of his booted feet. He fell face forward.

"Over here, Graymes," called Mike Kenly, "quick!"

But there was no more fighting this day. Ranson's men, when they saw his dead body sprawled in the dust, lost all desire for battle.

"You'll be takin' the Bar 30 over now, I reckon?" Mike Kenly looked across the counter at Jed.

"I reckon."

There was a look of wonder in Kenly's eyes. He shook his head. Sliding Jed's coffee across the counter he leaned on his elbows. "You knowed all along he was twice as fast as you but you let 'im draw first, deliberate-like . . ."

Jed Graymes' face reddened under the deep coating of weather tan. "I feel a bit guilty about that," he murmured. "Seems like I might've give him more chance—"

Kenly snorted.

Jed shook his head. "At ten to fifteen feet he would've killed me," he said, "but, at forty-five feet, with him fan-nin', the odds was quite a bit against him hitting me." He reached for his tobacco, shaking his head a second time. "No, he didn't have much chance."

THE END



A MONSTER OF CRIME CHEATS DEATH ITSELF AND THREATENS ALL THE WORLD WITH MISRULE—AND ONLY CARL TARRANT, SCIENTIST-ADVENTURER STANDS IN HIS WAY.



IN THE REMOTE MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF ASIA, A CULT OF DEVIL WORSHIPPERS GATHER AROUND A GIGANTIC CORPSE WHICH HAS BEEN CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES.

WITH GRIEF AND WEEPING, WE CONSIGN THE BODY OF OUR MASTER TO THE FLAMES. WE PRAY THE DEVIL WELCOME THE **GREEN CLAW** TO HIS DOMAIN.

ALAS, WESTERN ENEMIES WERE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN HIS MIGHTY POWER!



CEASE YOUR JABBERING, FOOLS! THE **GREEN CLAW** LIVES AGAIN!

MASTER!

FROM THE LEAPING FLAMES MATERIALIZES A WEIRD TOWERING FORM, ALIVE AND SHOUTING.



AT ONCE THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL BEGINS TO LAY PLANS FOR NEW ACTIVITY.

HAIL, MASTER—THE **GREEN CLAW** LIVES! WE WILL TRIUMPH AS BEFORE!

NAY, OUR TRIUMPHS WILL BE **GREATER THAN EVER!** FIRST THIS LITTLE FORTRESS WILL BECOME A STRONG CITY!

AH! OUR DEFENSES ARE STRONG! NOW TO BUILD LABORATORIES, ARMORIES, TEMPLES OF SORCERY!

DRIVEN BY THE ENERGY OF THEIR RULER, THE DEVIL-CULTISTS QUICKLY ERECT LARGE BATTLEMENTS.

I WILL TELL ALL OUR PEOPLE THAT THE **GREEN CLAW** HAS RETURNED!

BOOM!

WE CAN REST NOW, MAJOR THE **GREEN CLAW** IS REPORTED DEAD!

HMM! I FEAR THAT REPORT IS **GREATLY** EXAGGERATED, COMMISSIONER!

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICES OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, MANY MILES AWAY, MAJOR TARRANT LISTENS TO THE DRUMS.

THAT IS THE BEAT-SIGNAL OF THE **GREEN CLAW**!! I'VE HEARD IT TOO OFTEN IN THE PAST! I **MUST INVESTIGATE!**

BOOM BOOM!
BY NOVE!

DISGUISED AS A CAMEL-DRIVER, TARRANT ENTERS UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

COME ON, YOU DESERT BUGGY!- MAKE TRACKS!

TRAIN THE SPY-GLASS ON HIM, AND SET THE TELEVISION IN ACTION!

SEE, COMRADES-A STRANGER COMES TO OUR BORDERS!

A PATROL OF THE **GREEN CLAW'S** SENTRIES OBSERVE THE MAJOR.

THE SENTRIES HAVE SPIED SOMETHING. NOW TO ENLARGE THE IMAGE!

FARTHER AWAY AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS, THE MASTER OF EVIL DEVELOPS THE TELEVISION SCENE.

ATTENTION, ALL OUTPOSTS! CLOSE IN ON THAT CAMEL-DRIVER ON THE WESTERN TRAIL, BUT DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU! I WANT HIM **TAKEN ALIVE!**



BUT TARRANTS SCOUTING INSTINCT WARNS HIM OF IMPENDING DANGER.

I HAVE A SENSE OF BEING WATCHED AND FOLLOWED. I'D BETTER PREPARE!



WE HAVE HIM SUR-ROUNDED—BE READY FOR THE **GREEN CLAW'S** SIGNAL!



JUST AS THE CAMEL MOVES INTO VIEW BEYOND THE SCREENING TREE —

THERE'S THE DRUM-SIGNAL! RUSH HIM FROM ALL SIDES!

BONG!



GRAB HIM! PULL HIM DOWN!

HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

—THERE IS A RUSH FROM ALL SIDES UPON THE CAMEL AND ITS RIDER!

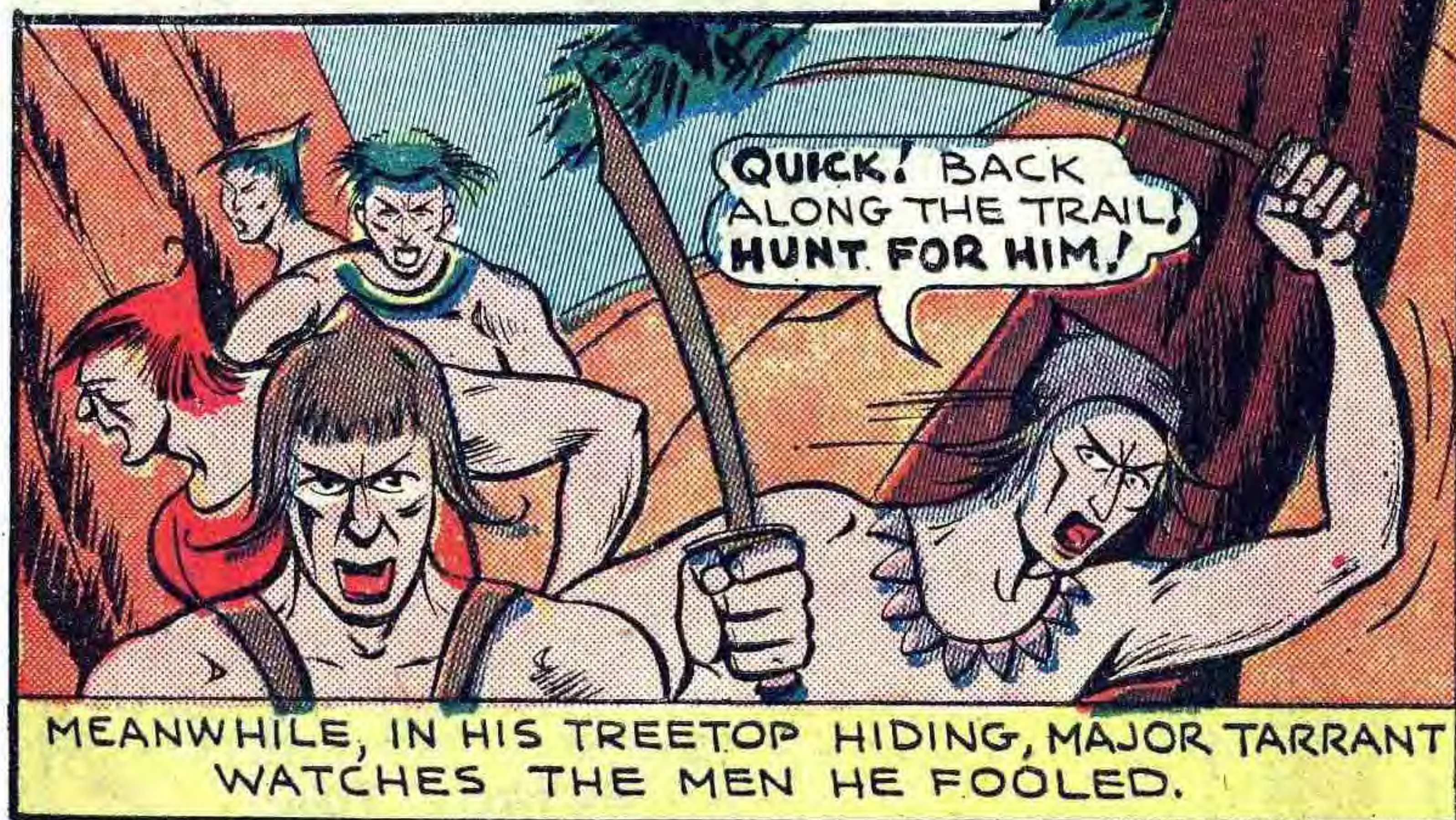


WHY IT IS BUT AN EMPTY BUNDLE OF CLOTHES

WE HAVE TRAPPED A DUMMY!



MY RUSE SUCCEEDED—THEY WILL RUN PAST. AND I CAN ADVANCE ON THE **GREEN CLAW'S** STRONGHOLD, UNCHECKED!



QUICK! BACK ALONG THE TRAIL, HUNT FOR HIM!

MEANWHILE, IN HIS TREETOP HIDING, MAJOR TARRANT WATCHES THE MEN HE FOOLED.



MASTER, HE SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS—LEFT A DUMMY IN HIS PLACE.

IMBECILES! MEN OF STRAW! I SAW HIM PLAINLY! HE IS MAJOR TARRANT, COMING HERE. TURN BACK AND CHARGE HIM FROM BEHIND!.

HEARING HIS HENCHMEN REPORT, THE **GREEN CLAW** IS WILD WITH RAGE!



THOSE FOOLS MAKE IT NECESSARY FOR ME TO STRIKE TARRANT WITH MY OWN HAND!



THOSE MEN ARE COMING BACK! IF I CAN ONLY TRICK THEM WITH THIS GRASS!

AGAIN THE PURSUERS CLOSE IN, AND MAJOR TARRANT, CLOSE TO HIS GOAL, TRIES A NEW DECEPTION.



LOOK! THE SPY HAS SET UP AN-OTHER DUMMY!

HA! HA! HE WILL NOT FOOL US A SECOND TIME!



PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT RIDICULOUS IMAGE! FOLLOW THE REAL ENEMY.

BUT THIS TIME, THE DUMMY IS ACTUALLY MAJOR TARRANT.

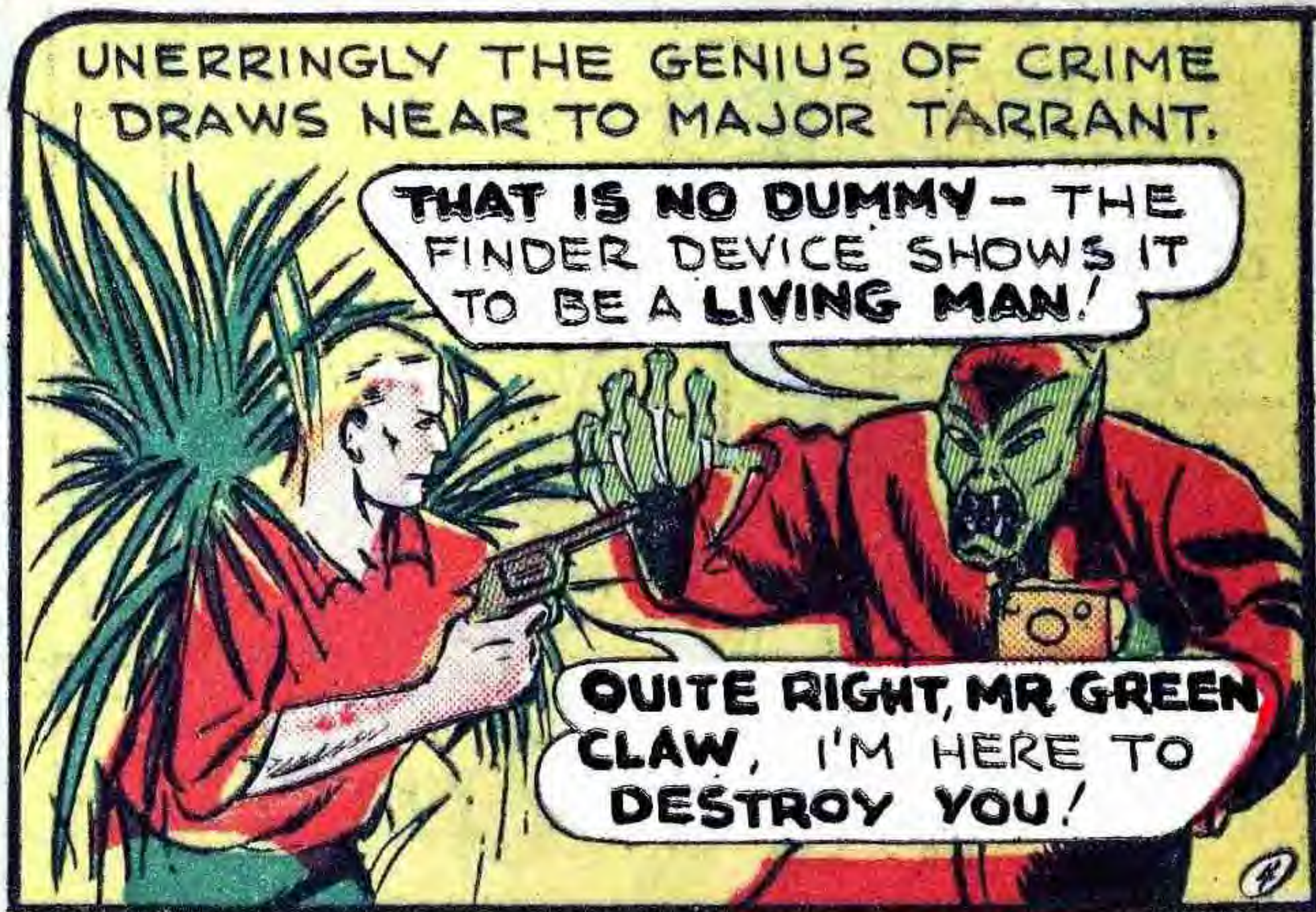


WE HAVE COMBED THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE - WE DO NOT FIND THE SPY!

HE IS SOMEWHERE NEAR - YOUR BLIND BRAINS CANNOT GRASP HIS CUNNING PLAN!



THIS RADIO FINDER SHOWS HIS PRESENCE VERY NEAR. I WILL TRACE HIS VIBRATIONS!



UNERRINGLY THE GENIUS OF CRIME DRAWS NEAR TO MAJOR TARRANT.

THAT IS NO DUMMY - THE FINDER DEVICE SHOWS IT TO BE A LIVING MAN!

QUITE RIGHT, MR GREEN CLAW, I'M HERE TO DESTROY YOU!

YOUR AIM IS GOOD, MAJOR, BUT YOUR BULLET **USELESS**. I AM DEFENDED BY AN **ARMOR OF HEAT WAVES!**

BANG!

THE MAJOR FIRES, BUT HIS SHOT DISSOLVES INTO NOTHINGNESS.

COME, MY LITTLE HERO—I HAVE A **SPECIAL PLAN** FOR YOUR DESTRUCTION!

THE HYPNOTIC ACTION IS ONLY TEMPORARY—YOU WILL SOON GROW AGAIN!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? YOU GROW **BIGGER!**

NO, MY DEAR MAJOR—YOU GROW **SMALLER!** MY HYPNOTIC POWERS WILL REDUCE YOU TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL!

AT ONCE, MAJOR TARRANT SHRINKS TO TINY DIMENSIONS.

I'M GLAD OF THAT

AT THE **GREEN CLAW'S** HEADQUARTERS, MAJOR TARRANT IS SHUT IN AN IRON BOX

YES, YOU WILL GROW—BUT **NOT** THE BOX. YOU WILL BE CRUSHED IN ITS **NARROW CONFINES!**

WHAT!—WHY YOU FIEND!

NOW THAT WE HAVE THE SPY SAFE, I HAVE TIME TO START MY CAMPAIGN. MY **OBJECTIVE IS WORLD CONQUEST!**

THEN HE REVEALS HIS LATEST SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS: AN ARMY OF NEARLY-HUMAN **ROBOTS!**

THESE ROBOTS WILL CONQUER THE EARTH'S ARMIES, AND CANNOT BE HURT THEMSELVES. **PREPARE THE PLANES—WE WILL LOAD THEM ABOARD!**

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BOX-PRISON, TARRANT IS DESPERATE.

I HEAR THE **GREEN CLAW** PLANNING AN ATTACK, AND HERE I AM CAUGHT—**DOOMED!**

I GROW LARGER BY THE MINUTE—SOON I WILL BE CRUSHED. IF I COULD ONLY REACH THOSE **TEST TUBES.**

LOOKING OUT, THE MAJOR SEES A RACK OF CHEMICAL EQUIPMENT.

THERE'S **ACID** IN ONE OF THESE TUBES—IF I CAN REACH IT.

HE JABS A HOLE IN THE MESH AND—

MADE IT!
ACID, DO YOUR STUFF!

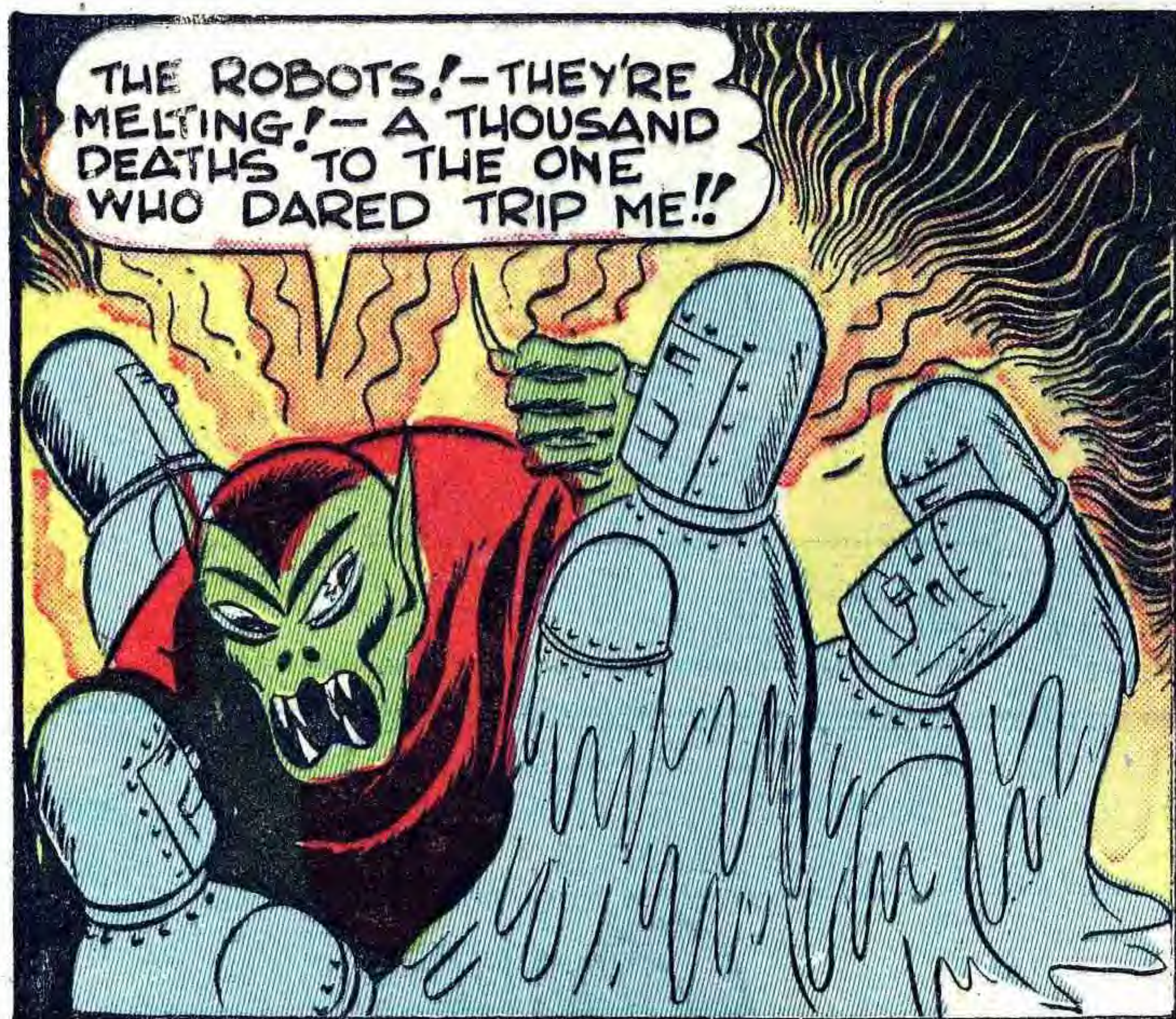
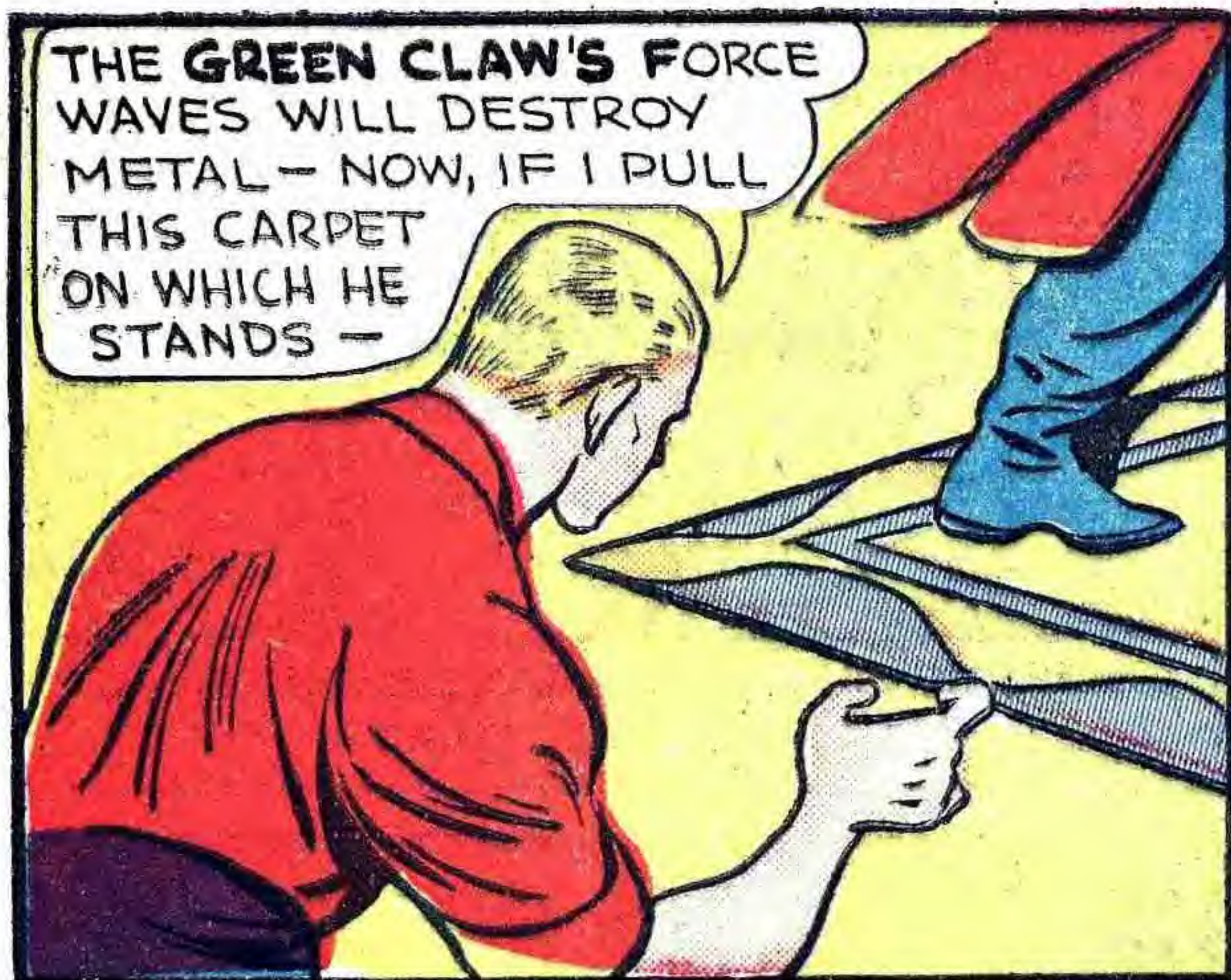
SPLASHES THE ACID AGAINST HIS METAL PRISON

THE ACID EATS A HOLE IN THE PRISON, AND MAJOR TARRANT ESCAPES.

COME OUT, MY METAL ALLIES—YOU ARE MORE TRUSTWORTHY THAN LIVING SLAVES!

OUT AT LAST, AND NOW TO TACKLE THE **GREEN CLAW!**

I'LL FINISH THIS DEVIL.

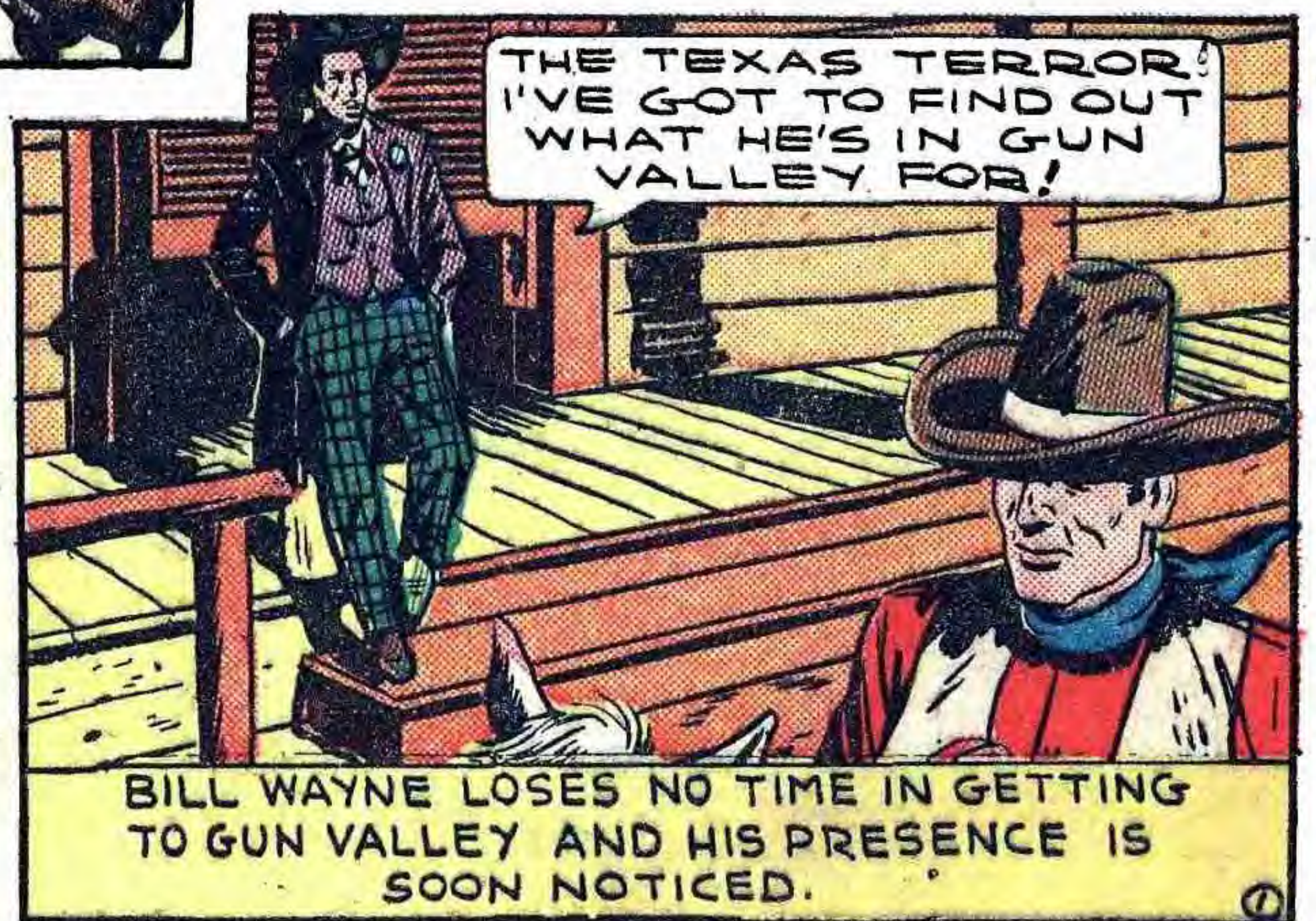
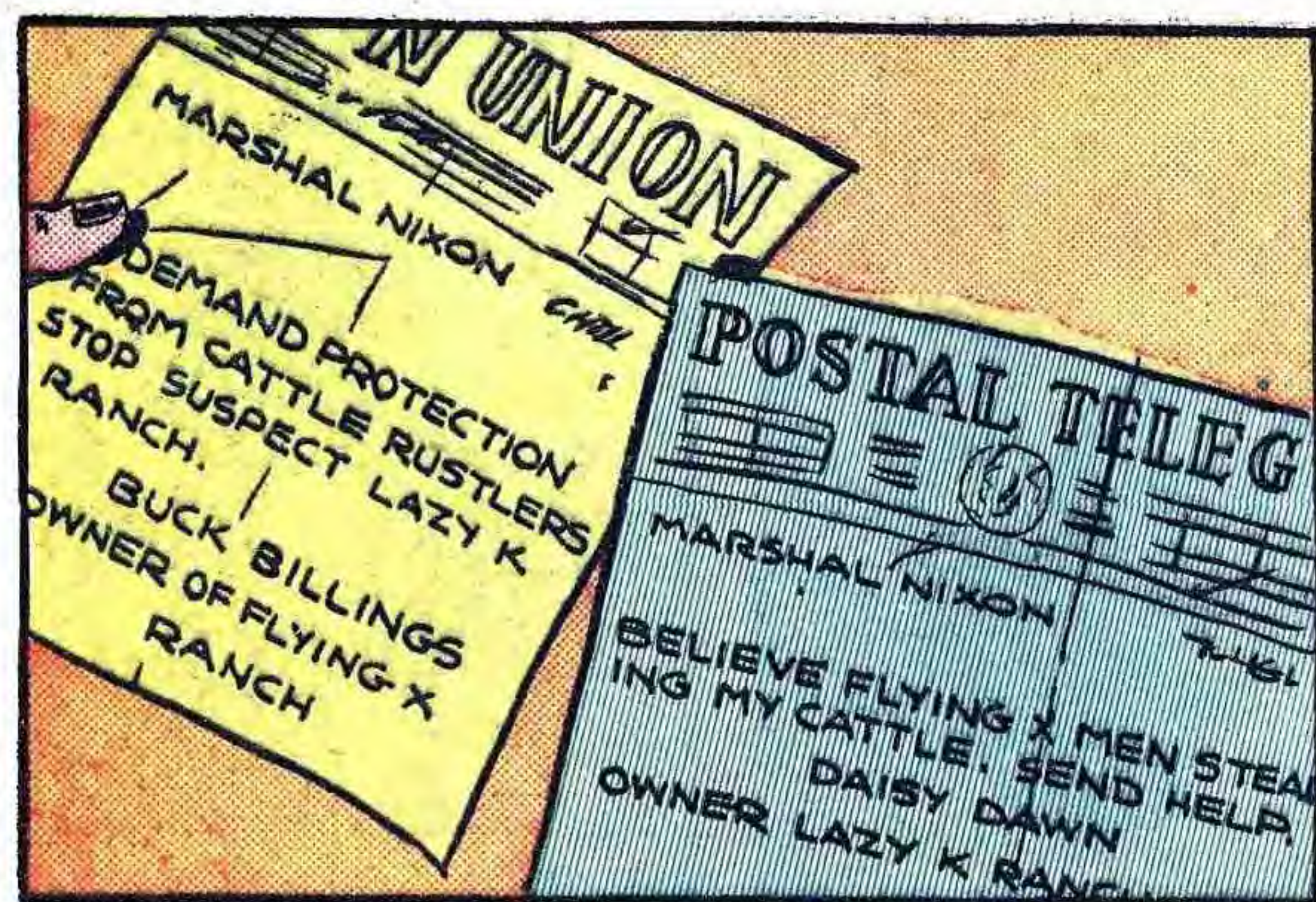
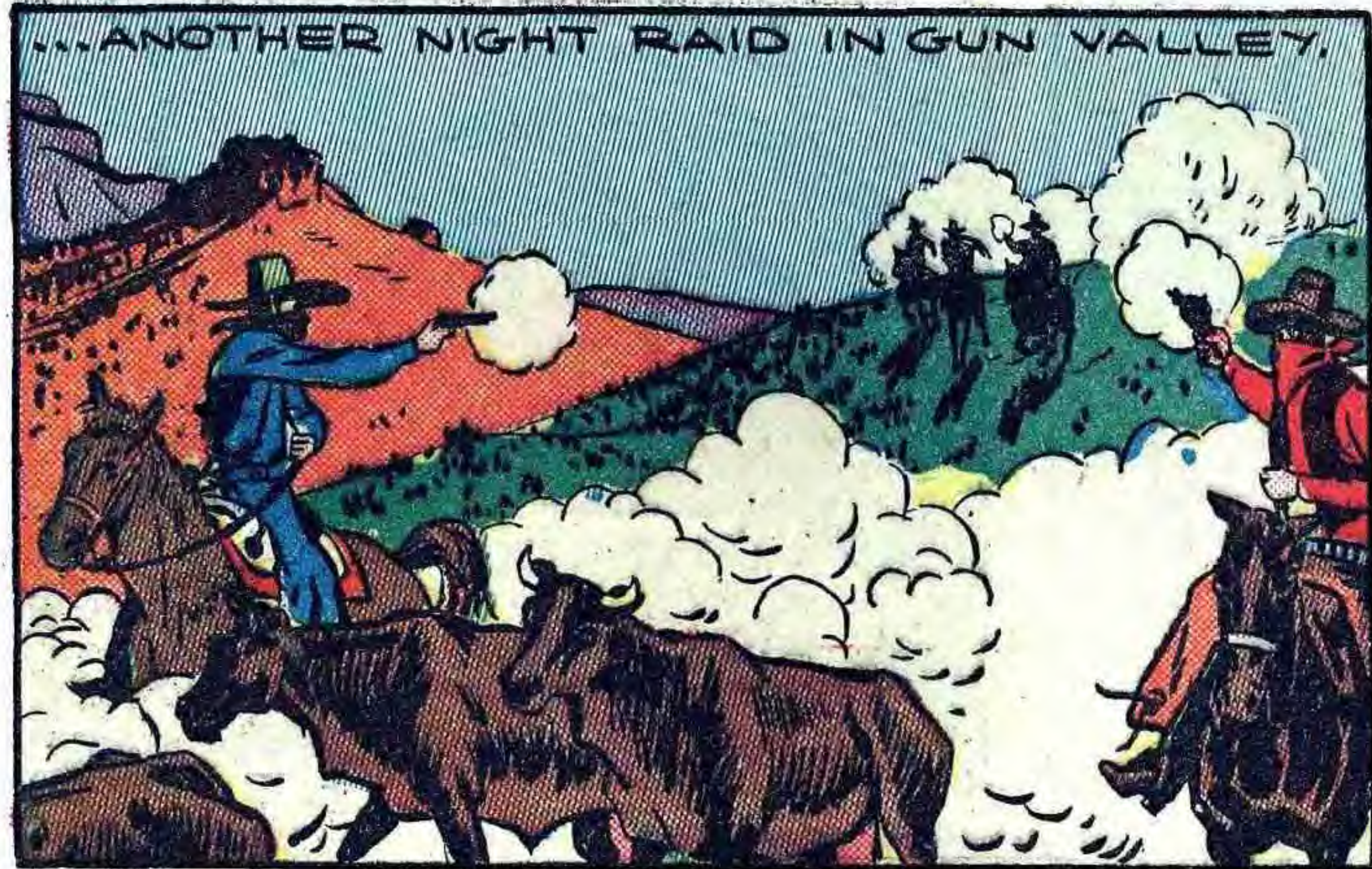


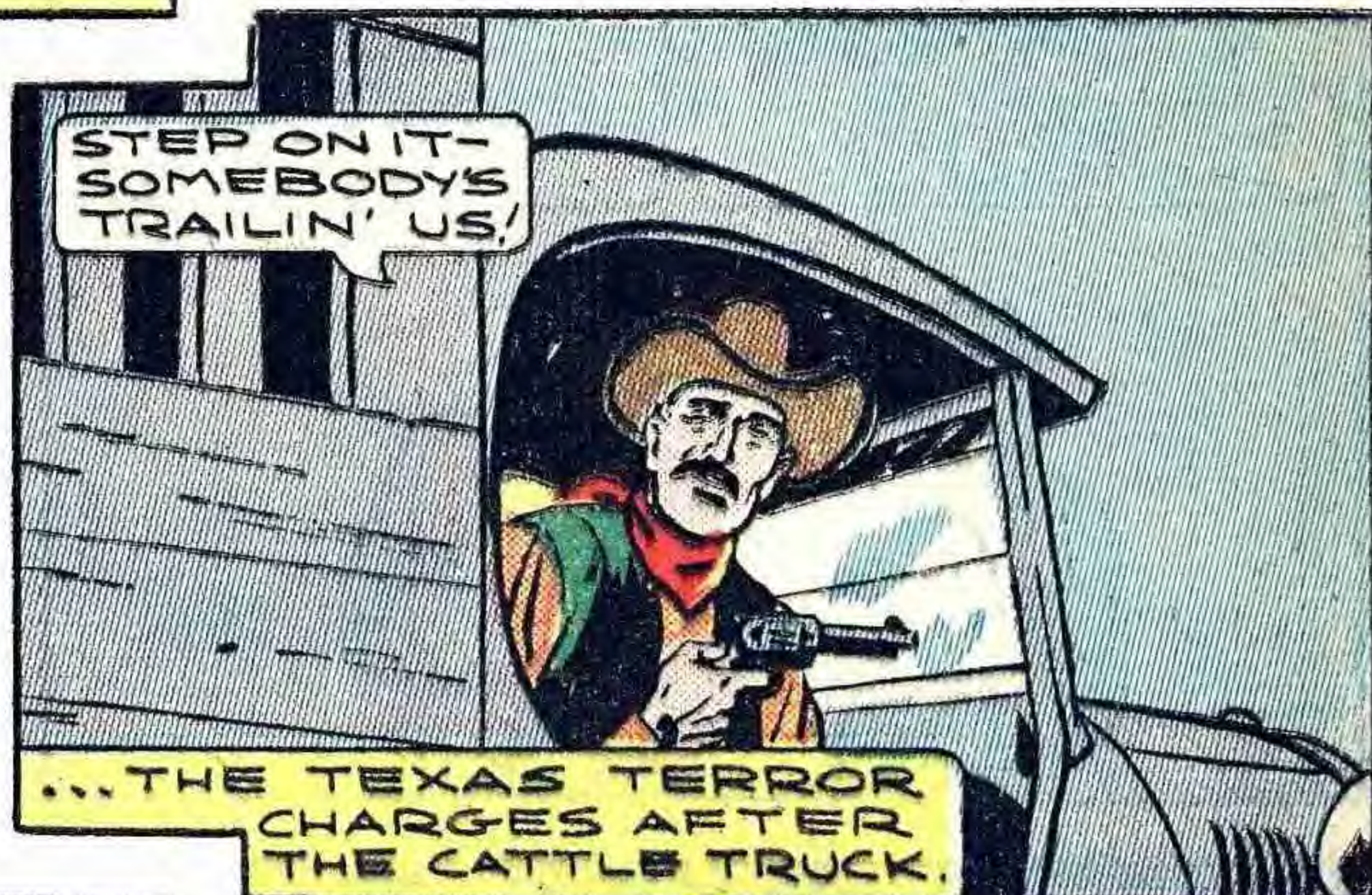
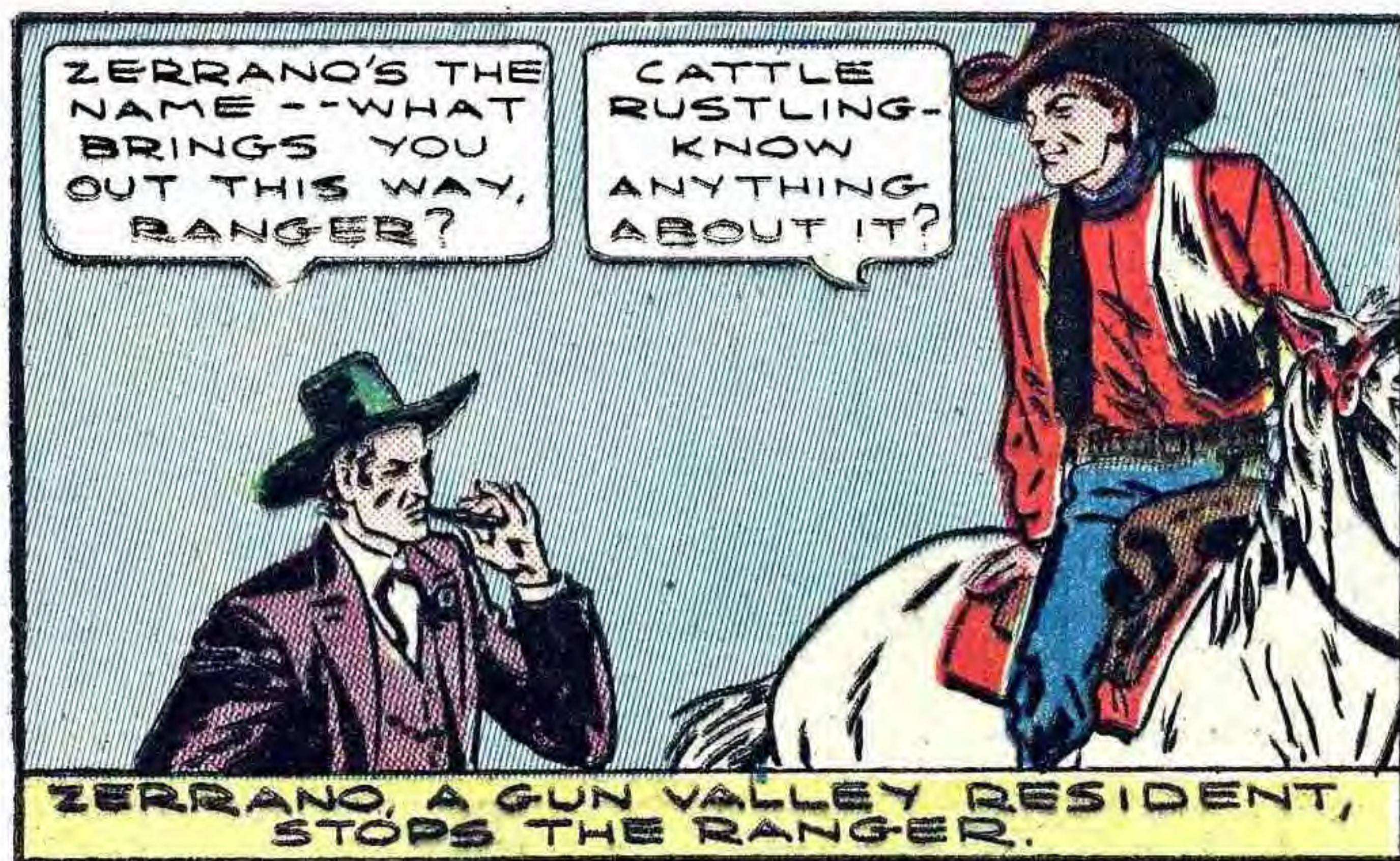


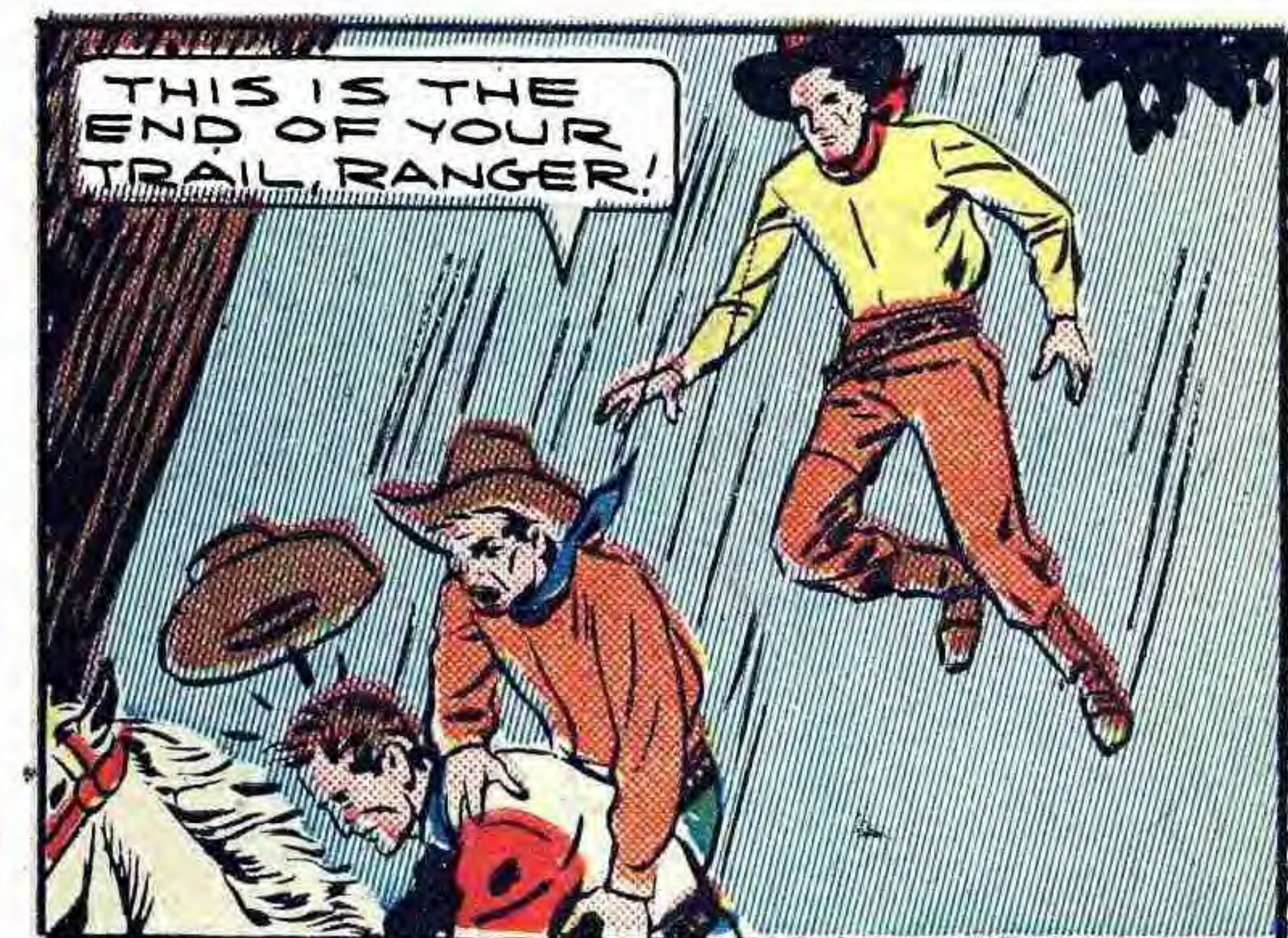
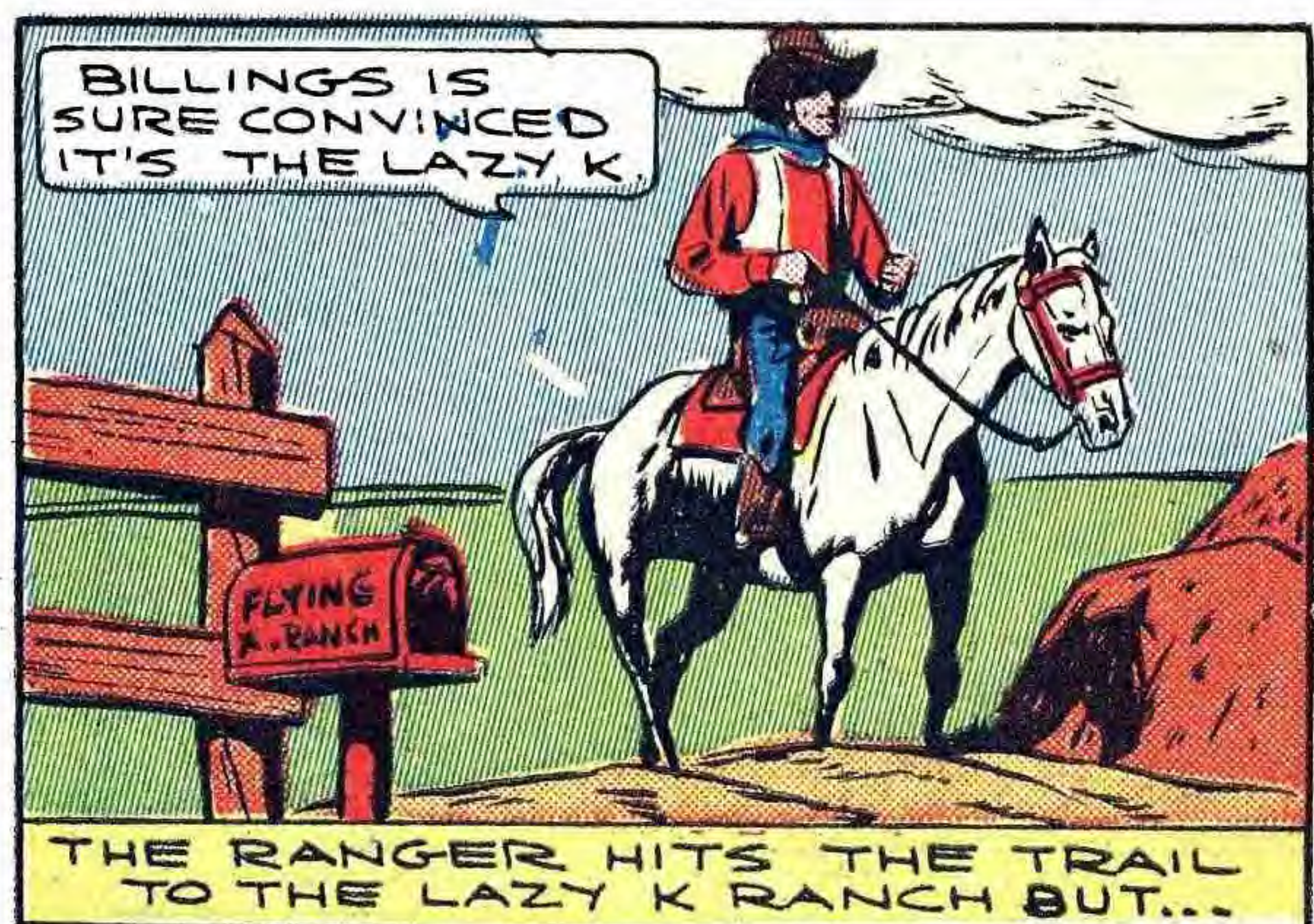
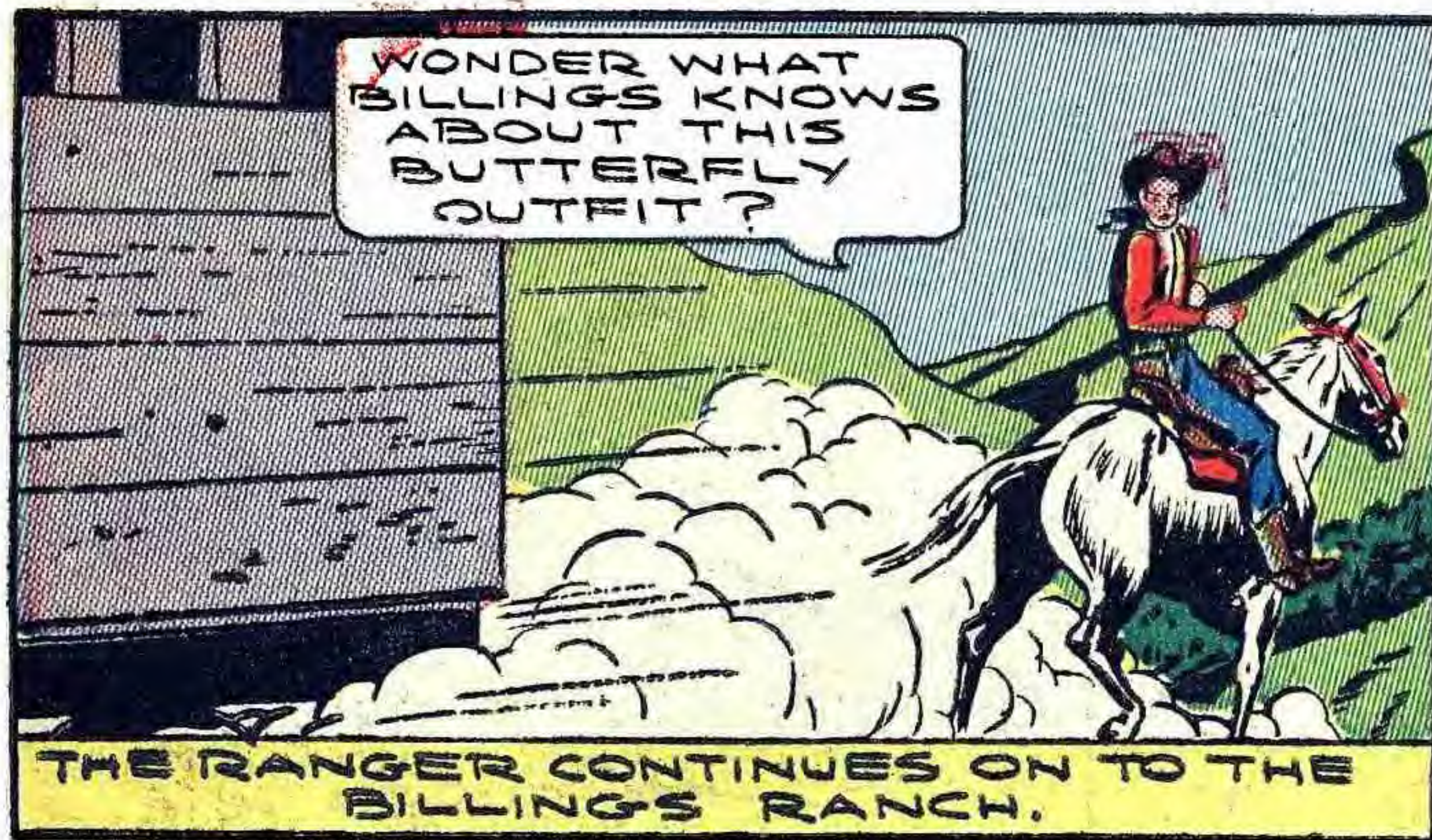
CLOSE ON TARRANT'S HEELS RACES THE GREEN CLAW — JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE.

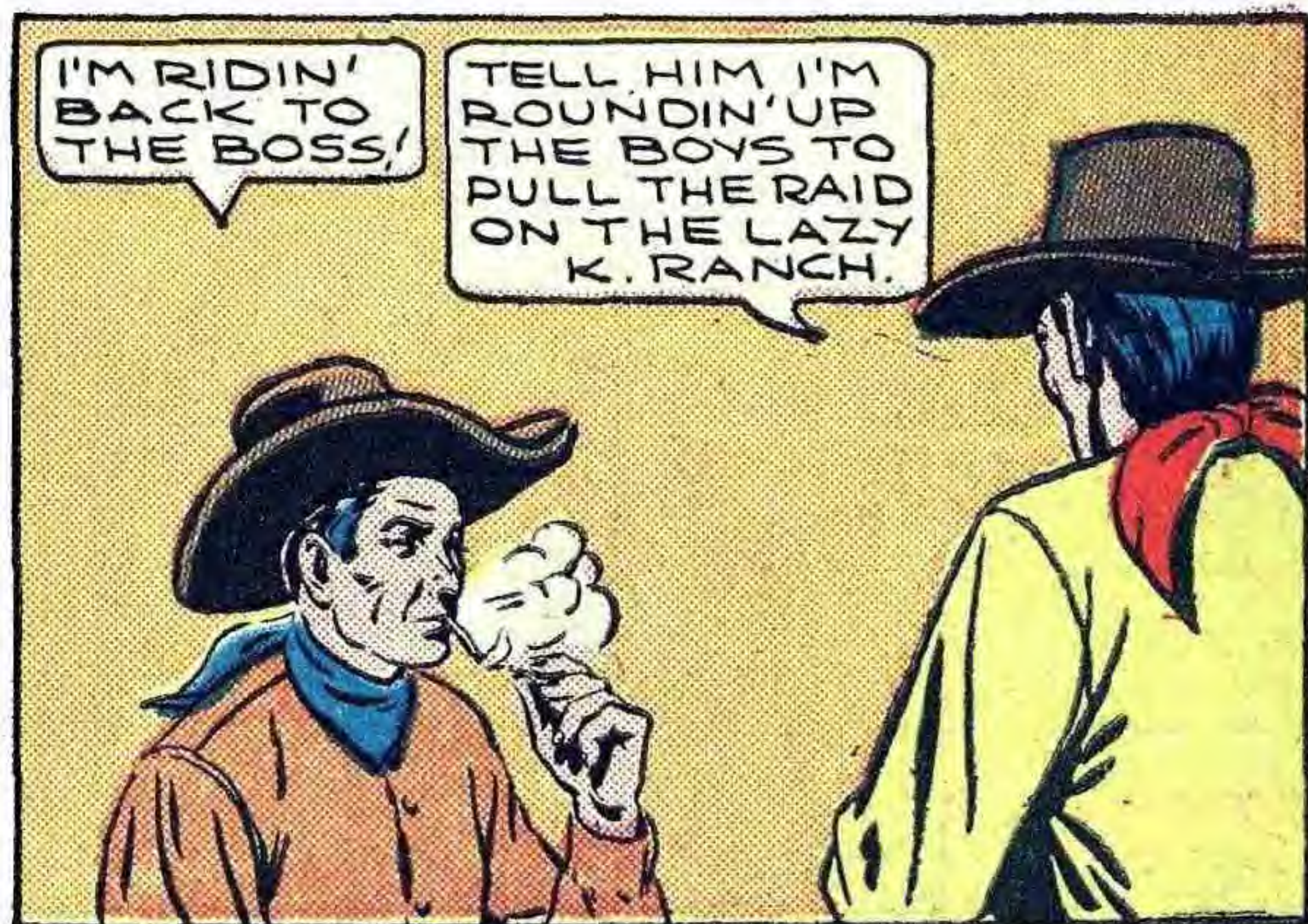
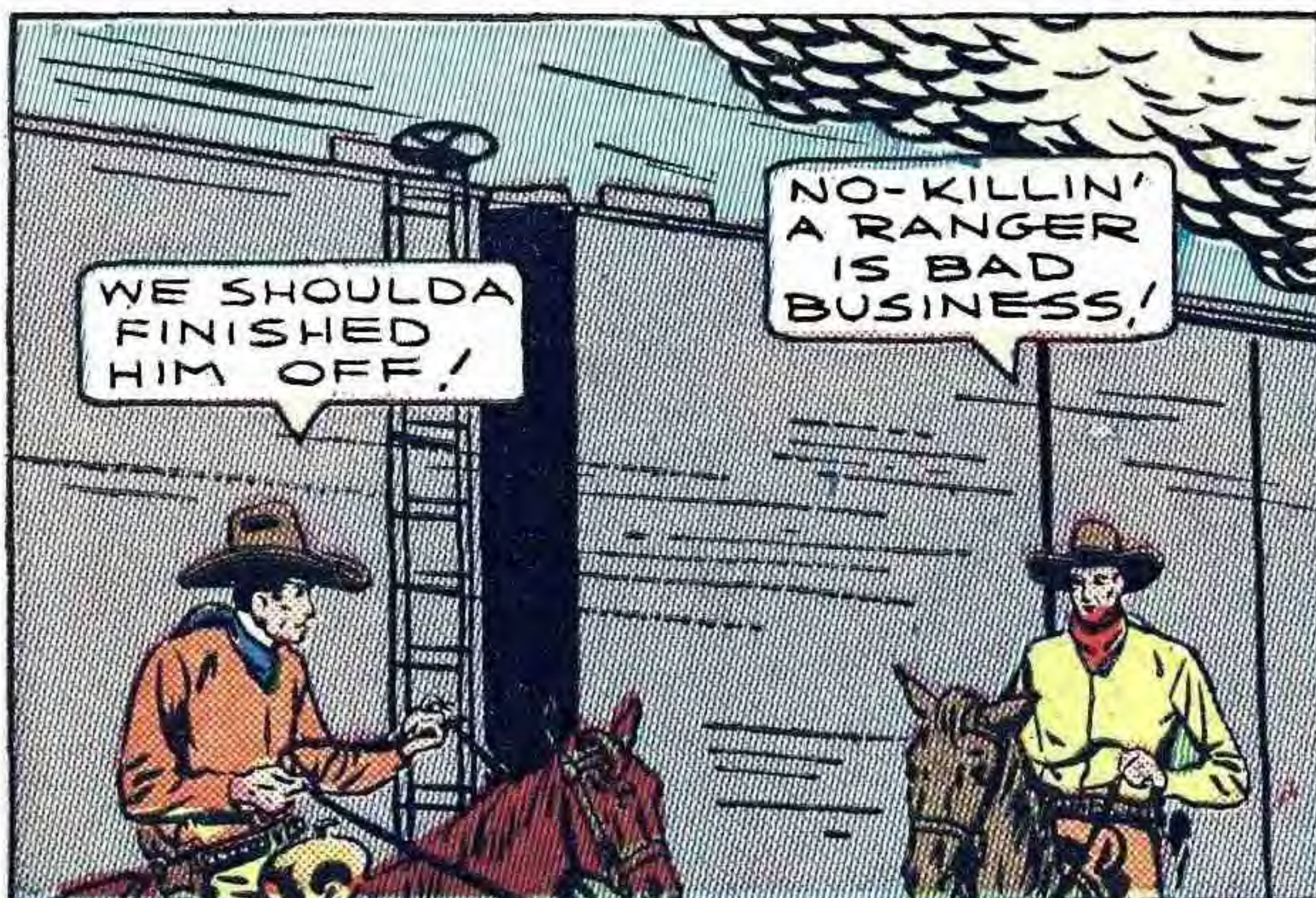


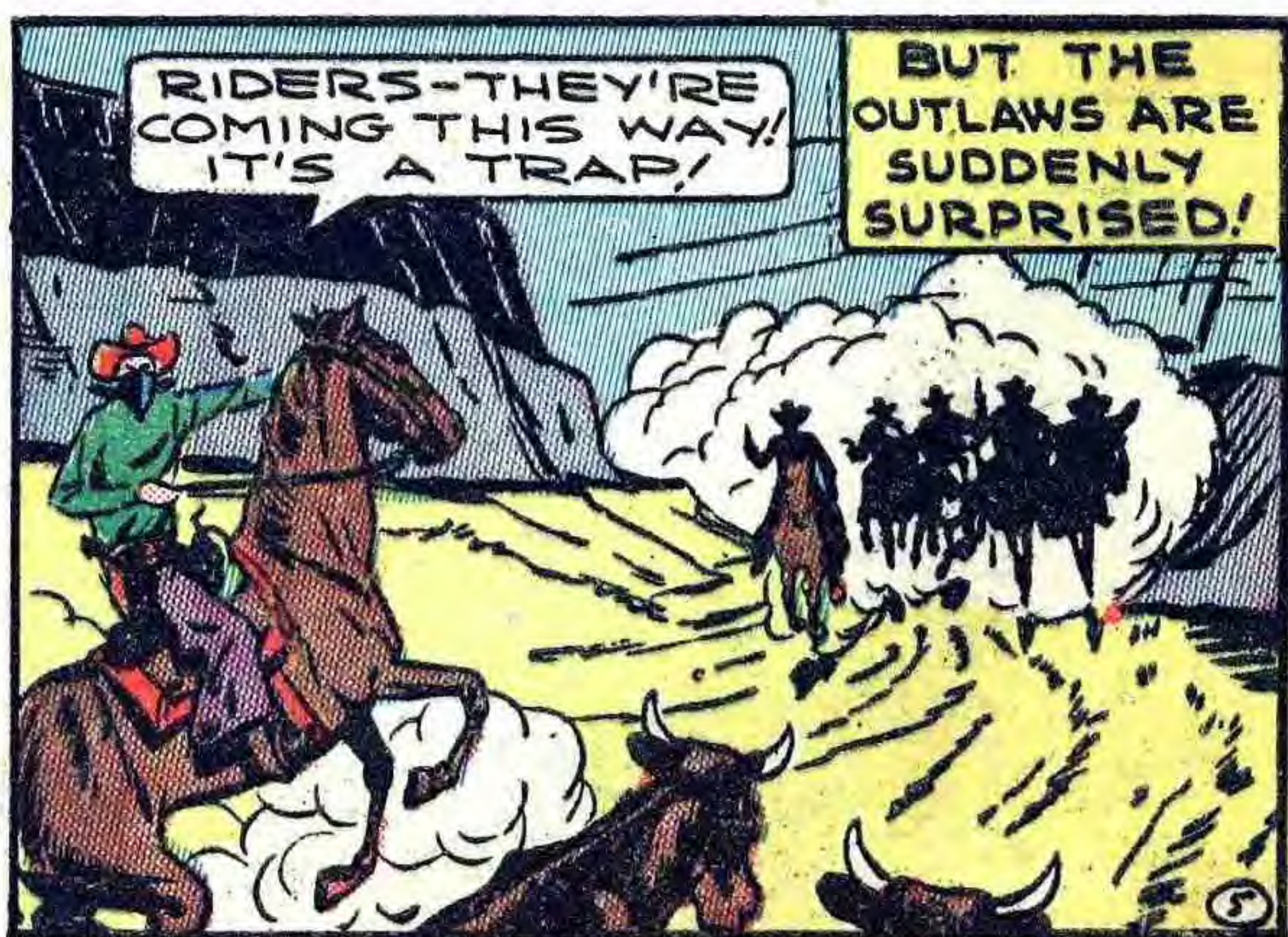
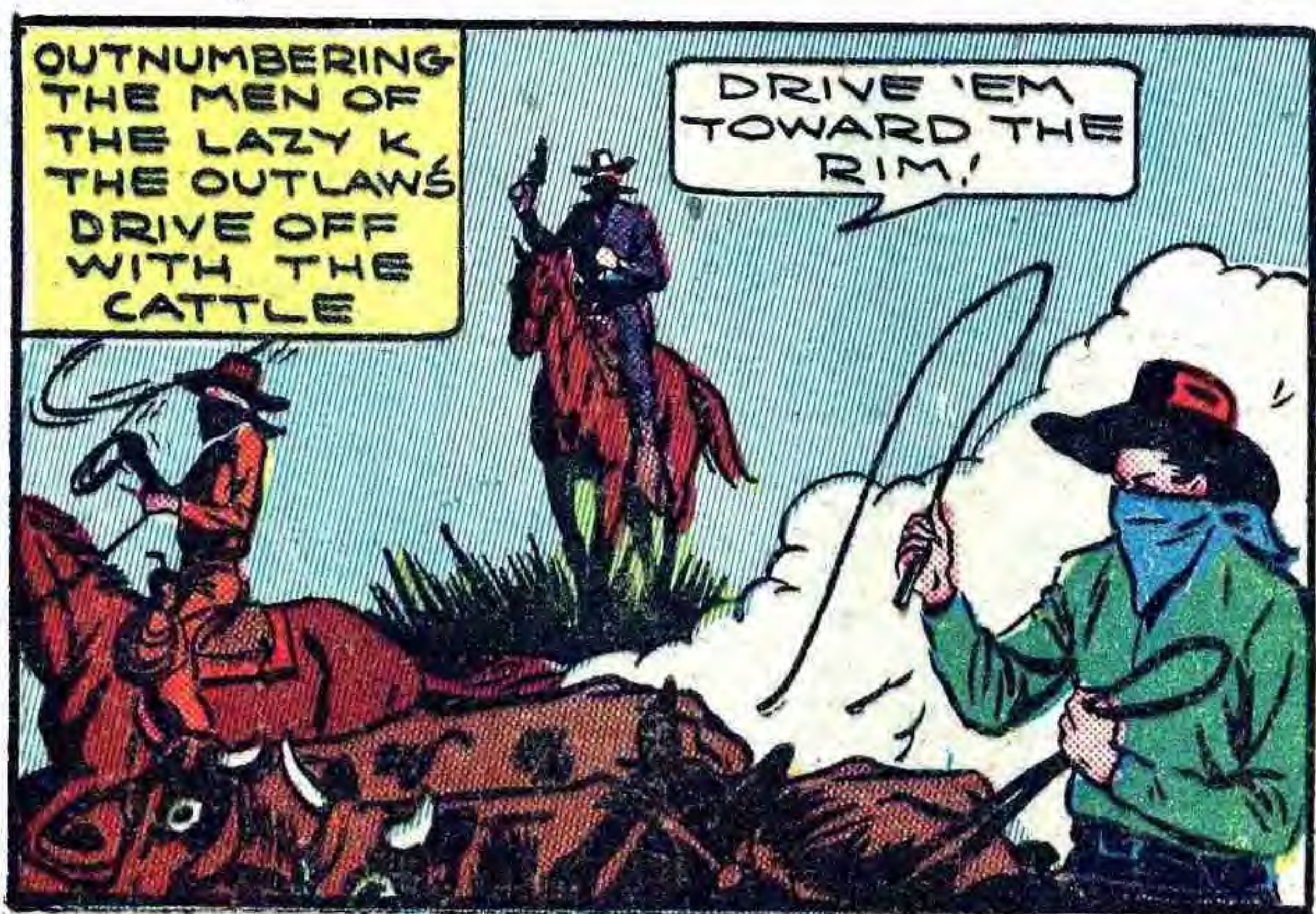
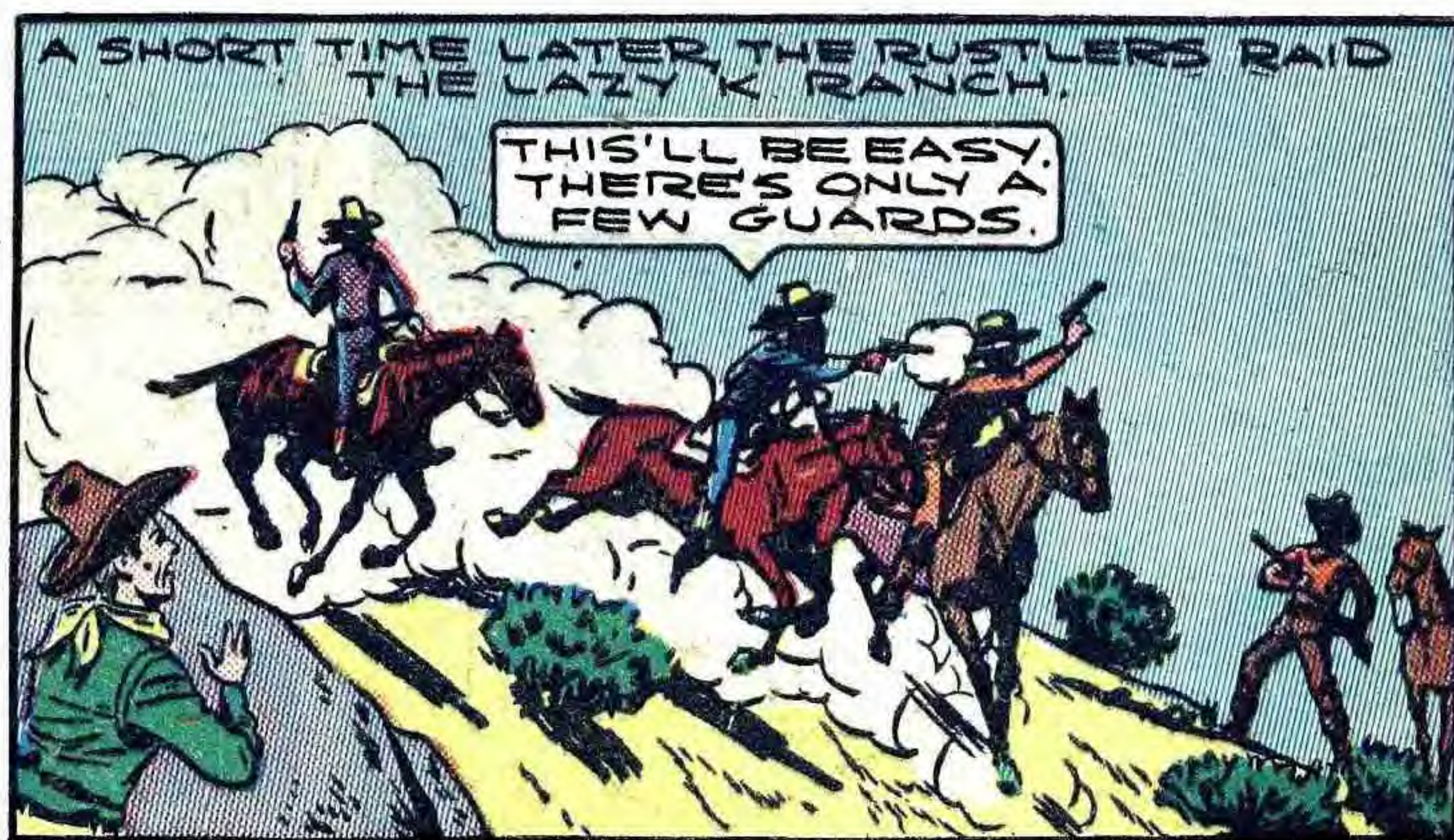
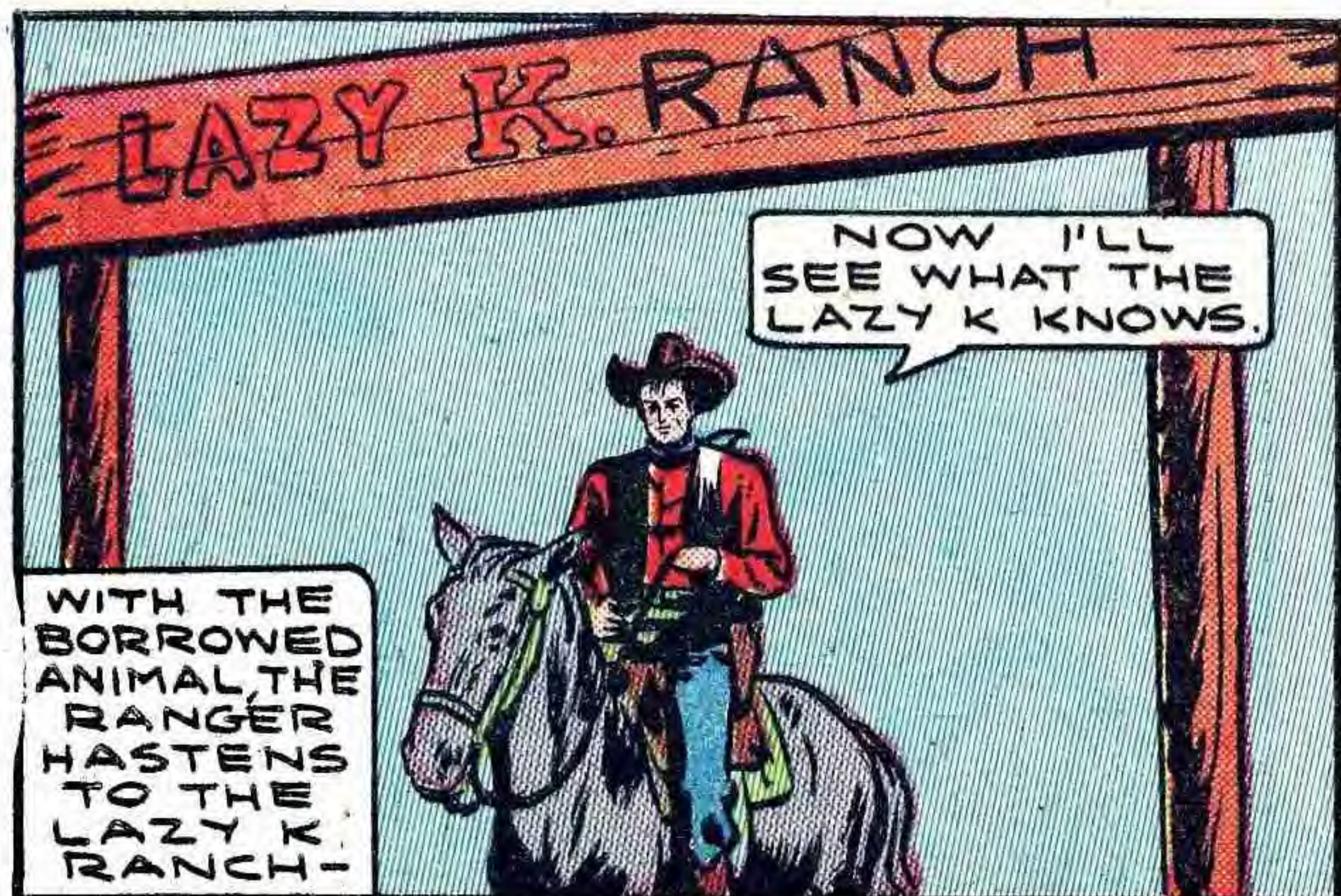
WATCH
FOR THE
CLAW
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
DAREDEVIL
COMICS!!

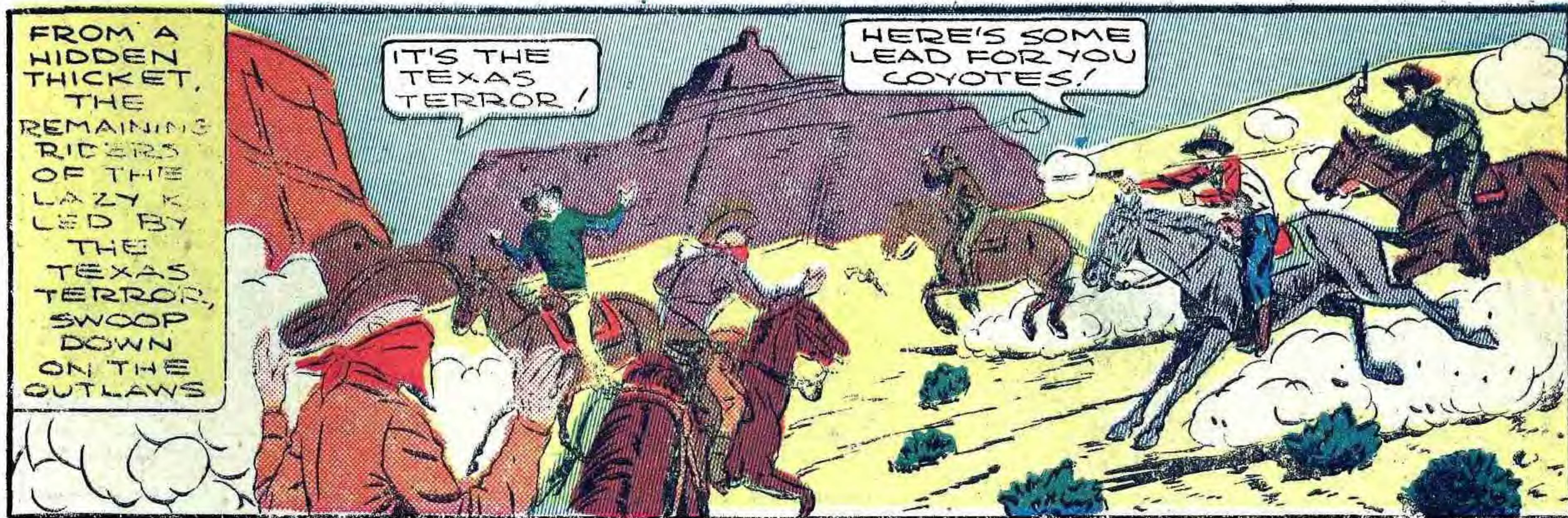












FROM A HIDDEN THICKET, THE REMAINING RIDERS OF THE LAZY K LED BY THE TEXAS TERROR, SWOOP DOWN ON THE OUTLAWS

IT'S THE TEXAS TERROR!

HERE'S SOME LEAD FOR YOU COYOTES!



LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE RUSTLERS, RANGER!

NOT YET, BOYS—TURN 'EM OVER TO THE SHERIFF—WHILE I GO AFTER THEIR LEADER.



THE OUTLAWS CAPTURED, THE RANGER LEAVES TO FIND THEIR LEADER.

NOW TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND ZERRANO'S RANCH.



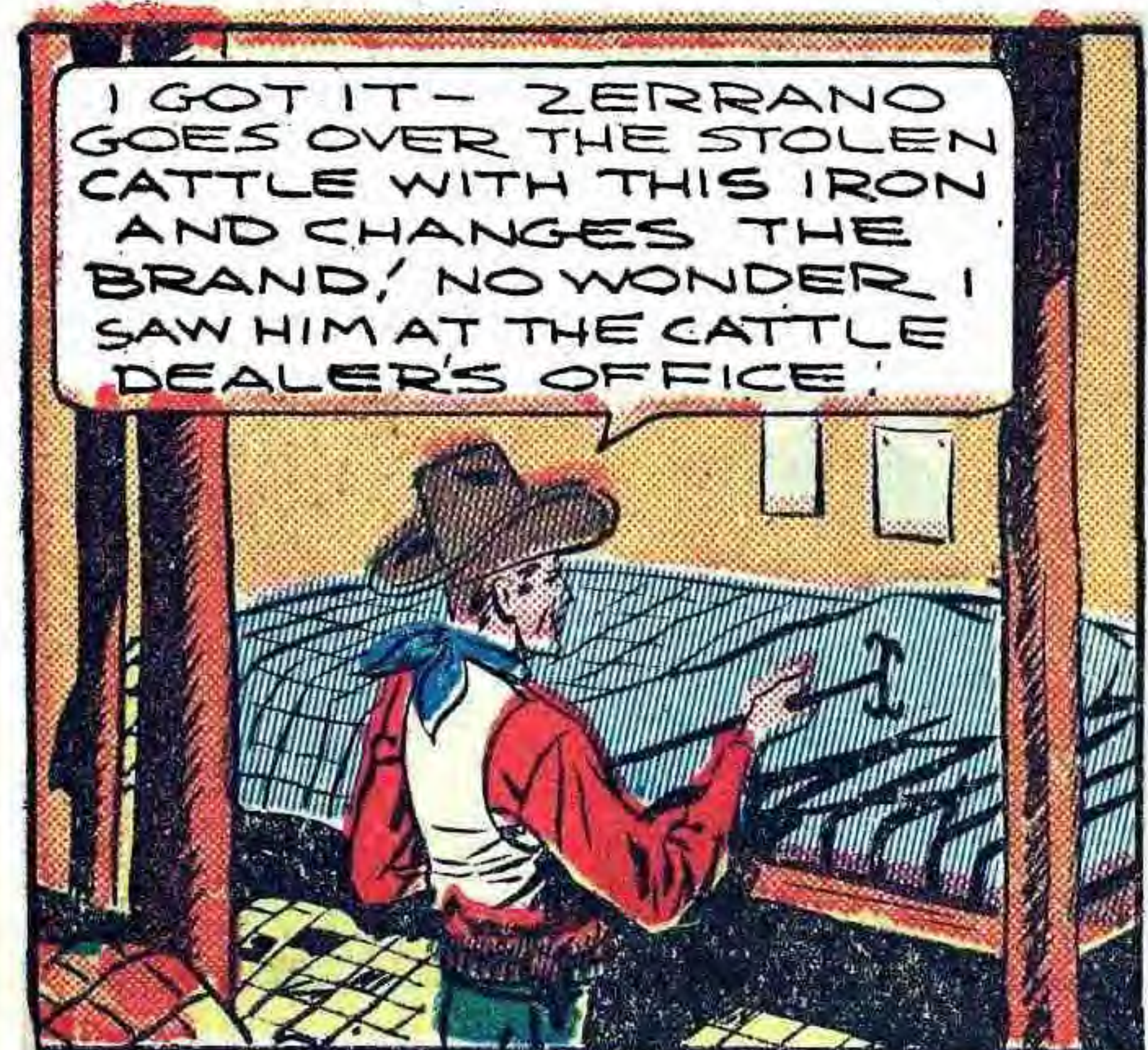
AT ZERRANO'S RANCH, THE RANGER SNEAKS UP TO THE BUNKHOUSE.

EMPTY—I'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.



INSIDE, HE DISCOVERS A STRANGE LOOKING IRON.

A DOUBLE BRANDING-IRON—I THOUGHT ZERRANO HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH CATTLE!

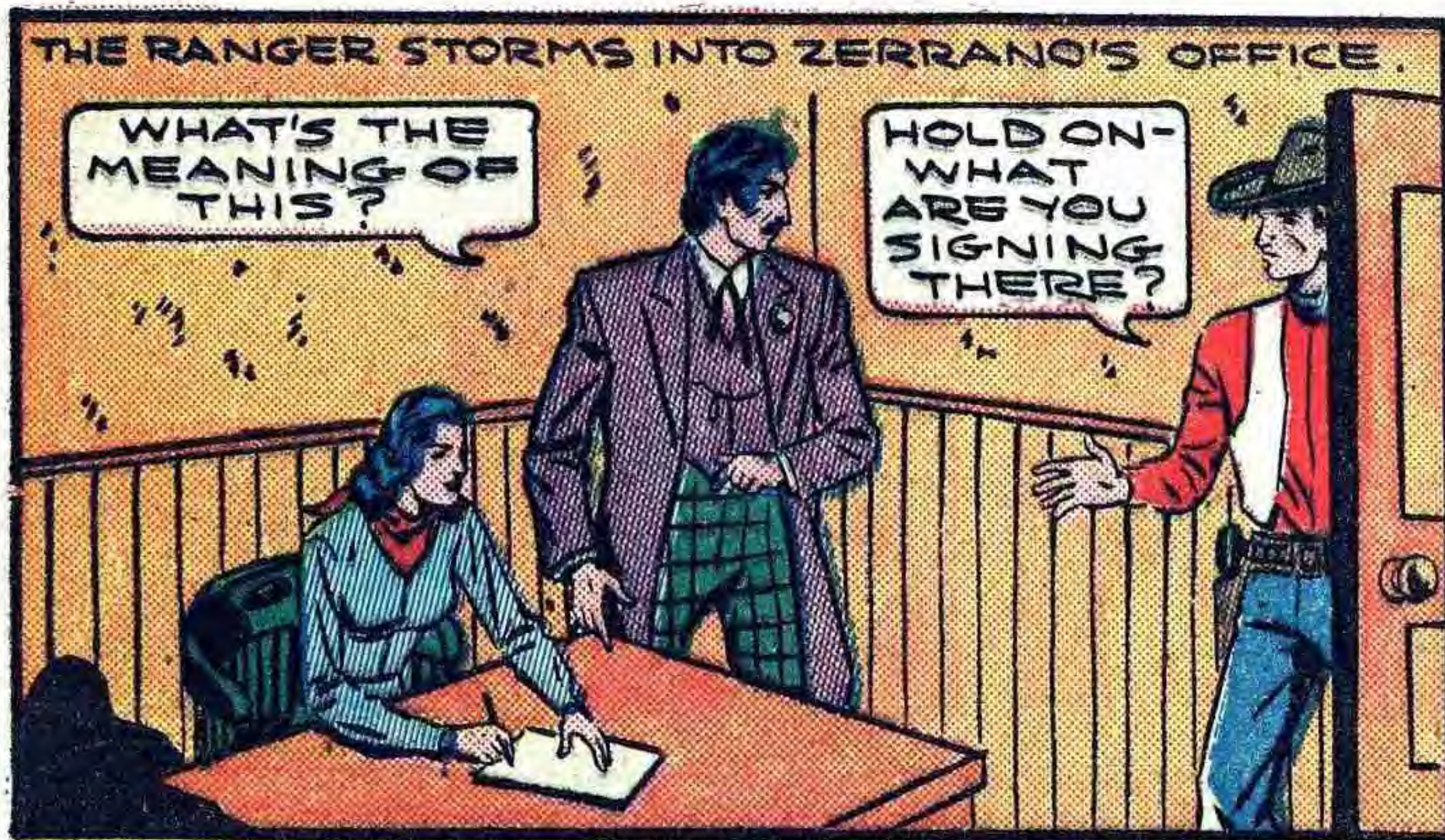
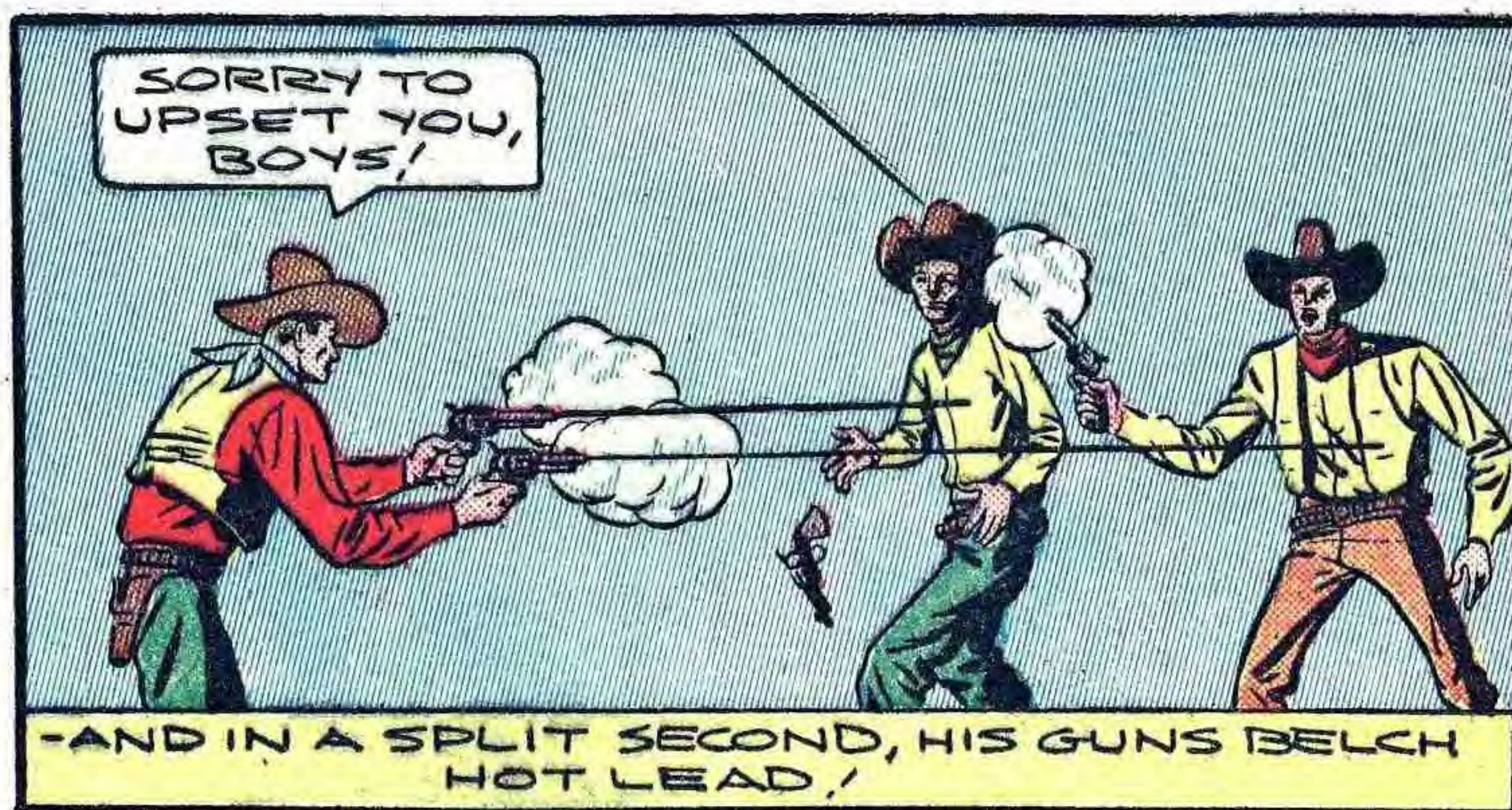
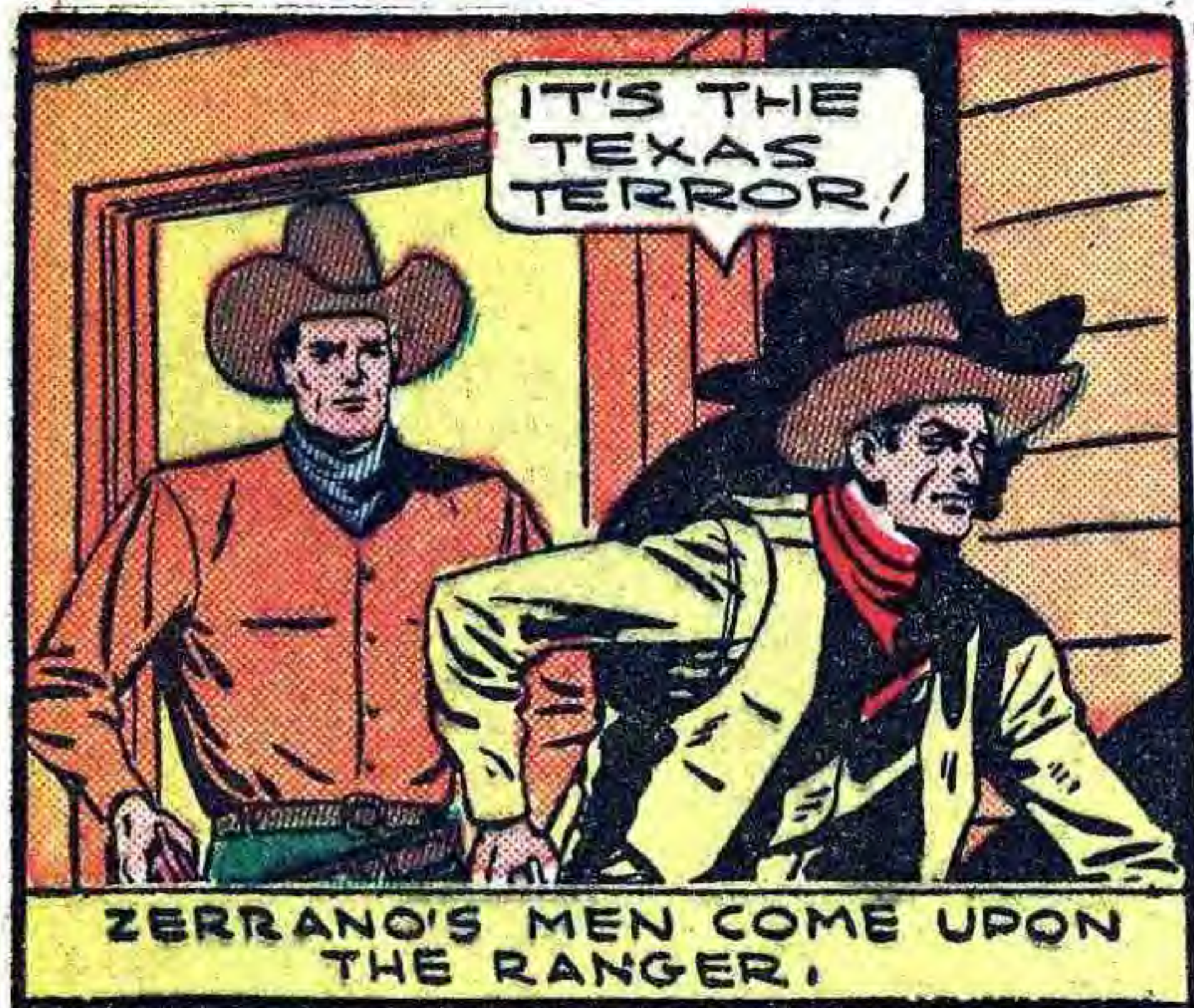


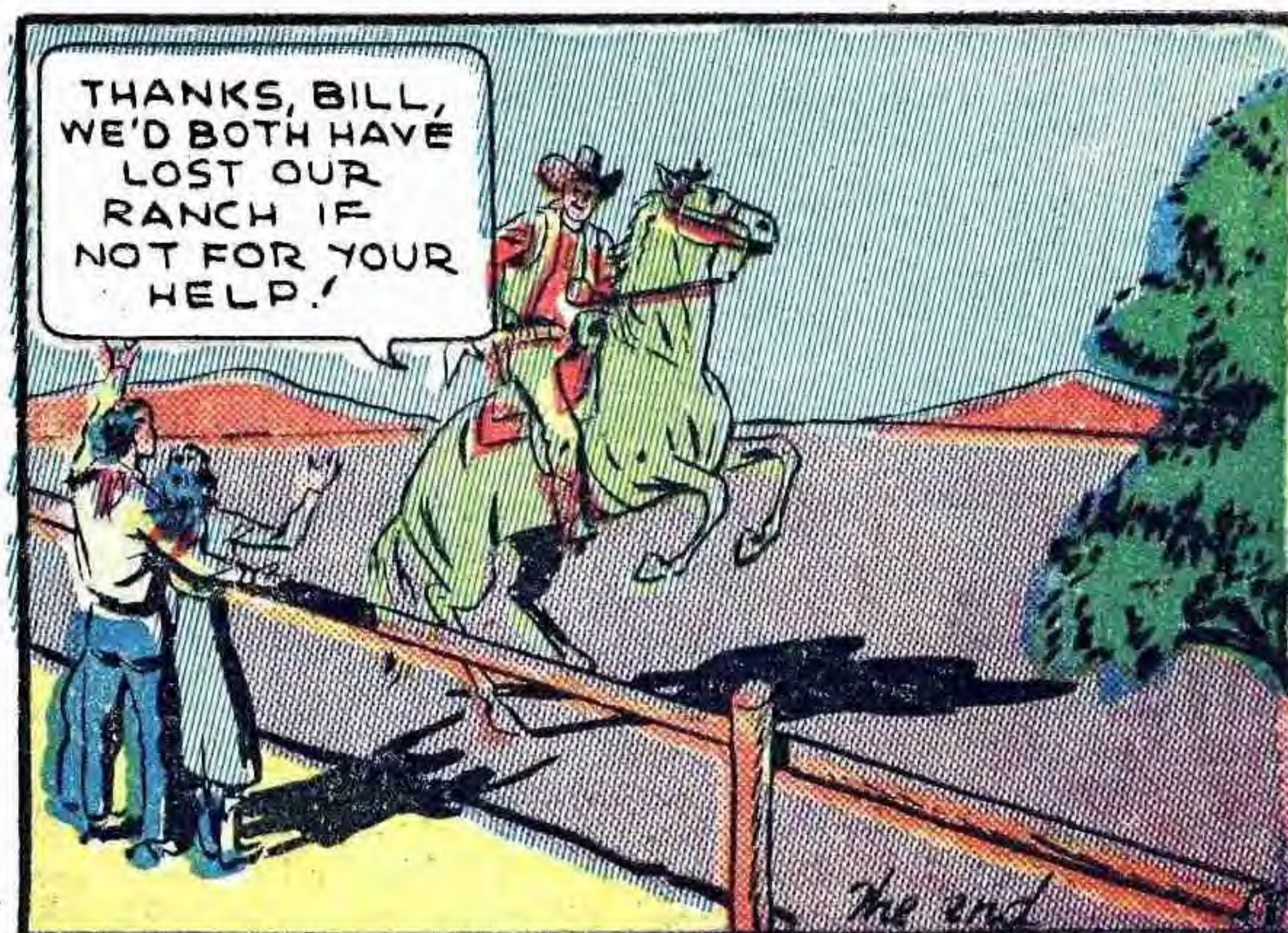
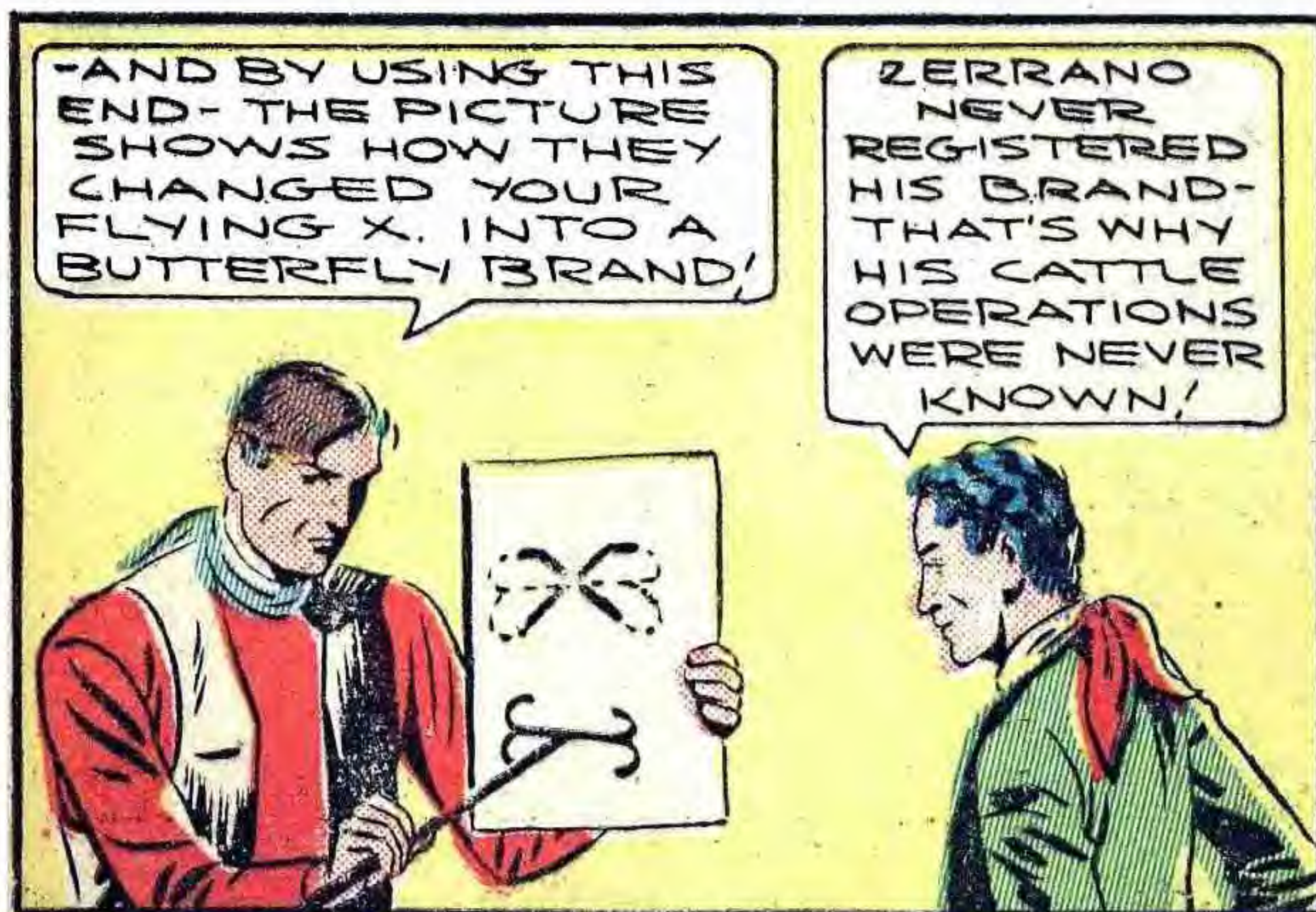
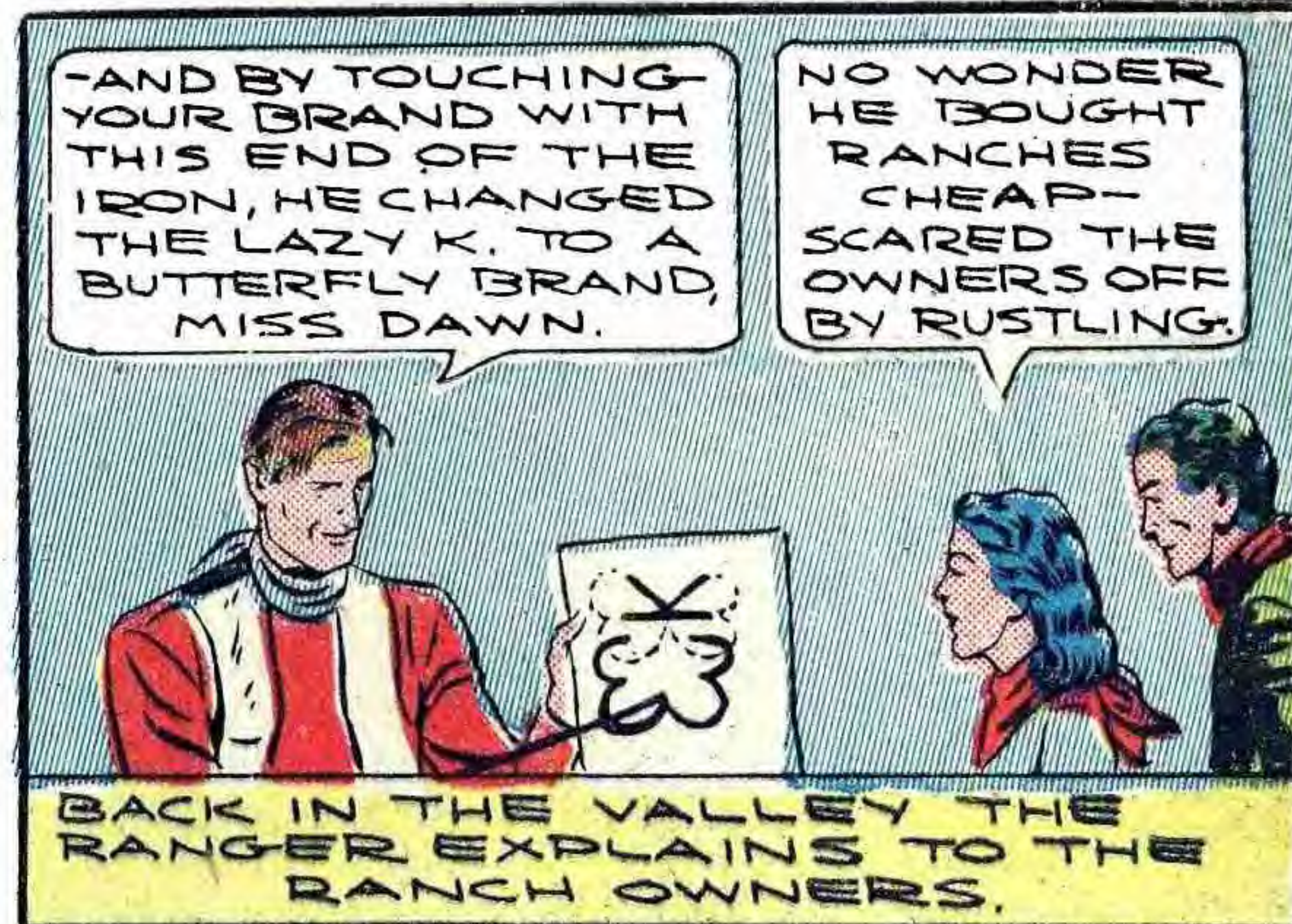
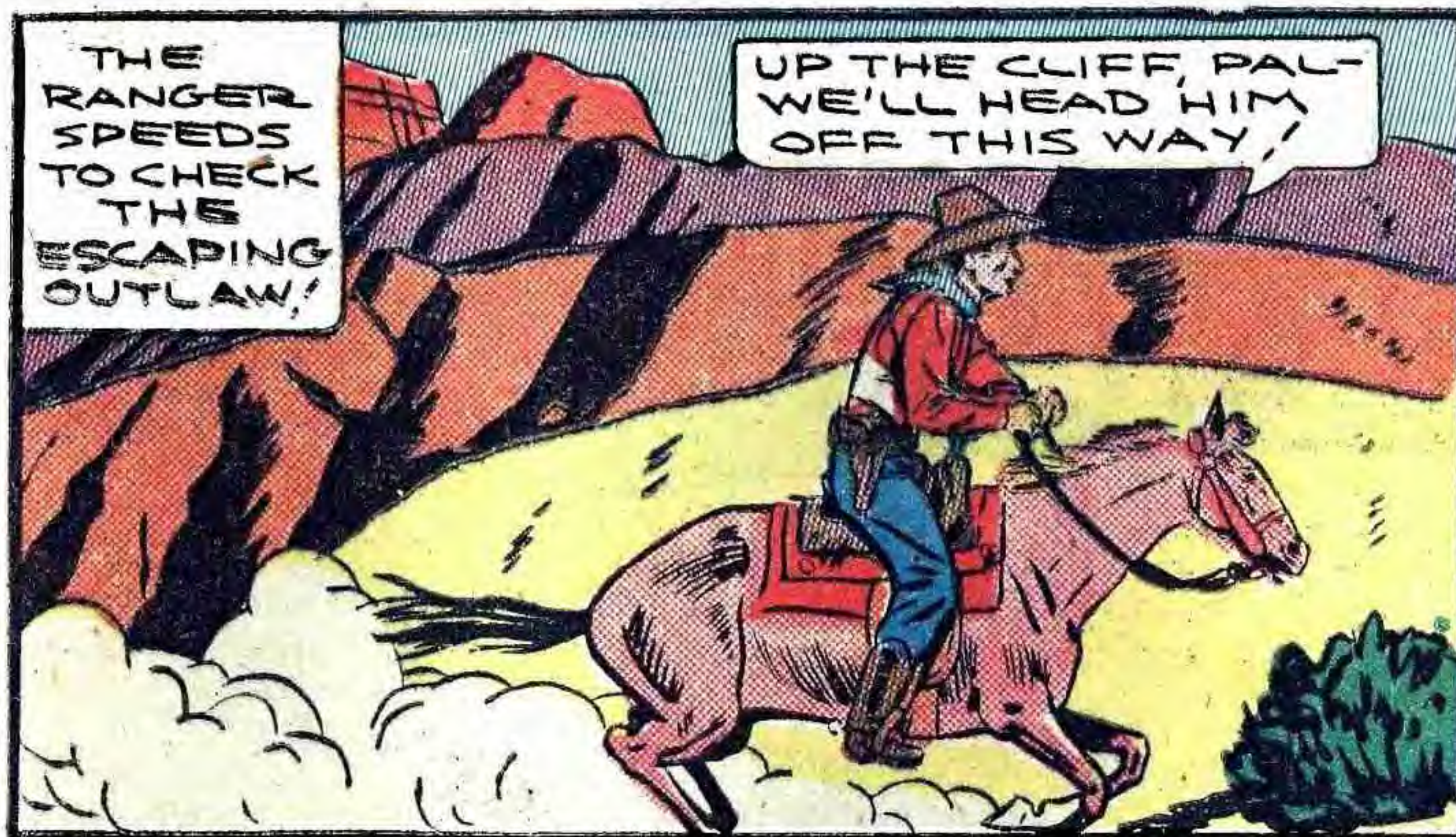
I GOT IT—ZERRANO GOES OVER THE STOLEN CATTLE WITH THIS IRON AND CHANGES THE BRAND! NO WONDER I SAW HIM AT THE CATTLE DEALER'S OFFICE!



TWO OF ZERRANO'S MEN ENTER THE BUNKHOUSE.

LUCKY WE DIDN'T GO ALONG—THEY CAUGHT THE WHOLE GANG! SOMEBODY'S WISE TO ZERRANO—WE BETTER GET OUR STUFF AND LEAVE TOWN!





Be a commanding GENERAL!

get in this fierce AIR WAR!

HERE'S HOW—

HAVE YOUR OWN
PLANES · AIR FIELD · HANGAR · "GAS"
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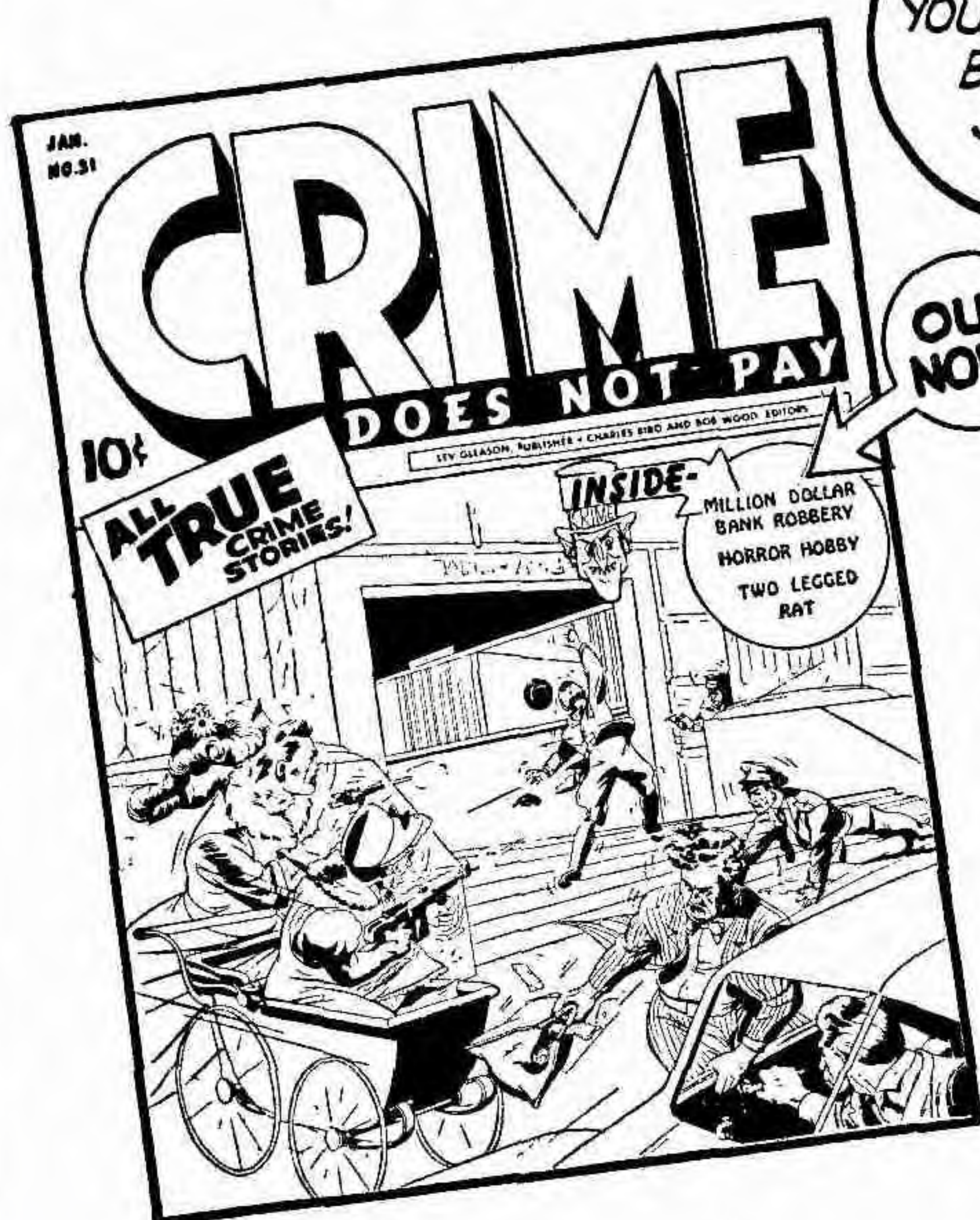
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